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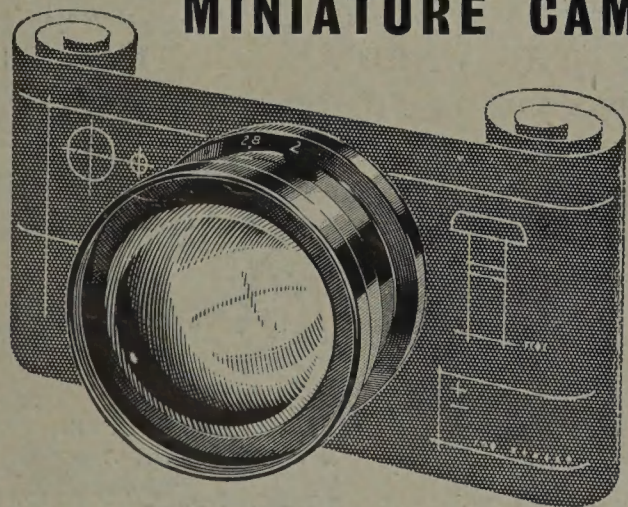






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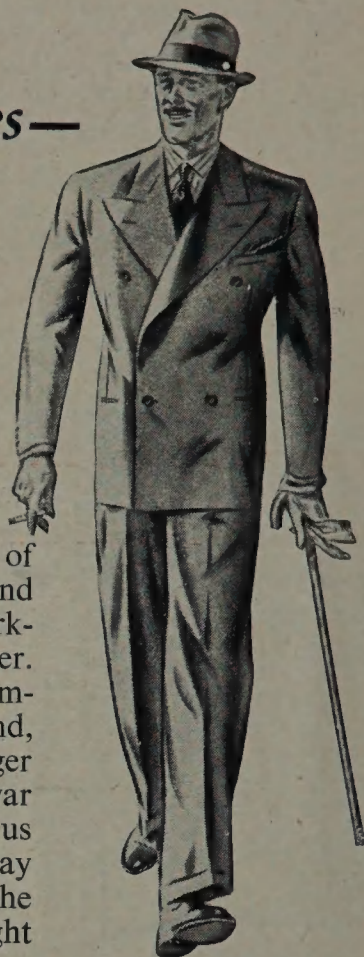
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1946.



**WITH THE WHOLE WORLD AS HIS AUDIENCE: MR. ATTLEE ADDRESSING THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE SECOND PLENARY SESSION IN THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE. ABOVE HIM, M. BIDAULT, THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN.**

On July 30, the second day of the Conference of Paris, Mr. Attlee, who is leading the British delegation as Mr. Bevin has been prevented by illness, addressed the delegates of the twenty-one Allied Nations sitting in plenary session in the Senate Chamber of the Luxembourg Palace. "We are seeking," he said, "to make a beginning in re-establishing the normal relationships between nations, by bringing back into the European family circle five erring members"—referring to Italy, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria

and Finland, the peace treaties with which the Paris Conference is discussing. He stressed the pains which the Great Powers had taken with these draft treaties, and called for the criticisms, suggestions and recommendations of the seventeen other States. Only by a great co-operative effort, he emphasised, could the virus of militant totalitarian nationalism be destroyed and a settlement reached in an atmosphere of free and public discussion, with the whole world as their audience.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN the old days—sadly tarnished by the erosion of the first German War and now almost totally obliterated by the devastation of the second—London was a city of pleasure. I suppose there are still young people who find it so to-day, though where in its shabby, paintless streets, its airless restaurants with austerity menus and impatient waiters, its non-stop buses and taxis, and its interminable preparatory-school taboos and restrictions they succeed in finding such pleasure, only the very young in heart (who will always somehow find jewels in dustbins) can guess. But I and my generation are no longer young in heart; two world wars and their consequences have been too much for us, and, like the old cars rattling and wheezing about the streets, the most we can hope to do is to keep going until a less-battered generation is ready to supplant us. The glittering manifestations of pleasure are beyond us. Even the Proms, now held in the sound-deadening Nirvana of the Albert Hall, are thronged with ghosts; while the spick-and-span London of our youth, with its gleaming polish and hurdy-gurdy gaiety, constantly rises before our glazed eyes to reproach us as we shuffle down a seedy-looking Pall Mall or dodge between the cars at Hyde Park Corner. Lord's and the Oval themselves are mines whose rich treasures for us have been exhausted:

For the fields are full of shades as I near  
the shadowy coast,  
And a ghostly batsman plays to the  
bowling of a ghost,  
And I look through my tears on a  
soundless-clapping host  
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,  
To and fro,  
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!\*

Yet I have one pleasure left to me in the summer London of 1946. It is to take my dog of an afternoon or evening and, crossing the Park amid a barrage of angry barking and crude canine insults hurled by my irrepressible companion at all and sundry—for, though biscuits are short and chocolates almost unobtainable, there is nothing old or tamed about his heart—make my way towards the bandstand. For here some beneficent public authority—the Office of Works or the London County Council, or I know not what—dispenses free music to the populace. And here once or twice a week, when my occasions permit, I sit, as a member of that sovereign body, for a quarter of an hour and listen to the band. By doing so I feel that I am getting back some minute but comforting fraction of the money that the powers-that-be extract from my earnings. I am become for the moment a public beneficiary instead of a mere contributor. For the enjoyment costs me nothing except twopence for the chair upon which I sit, and even that only when somebody takes the trouble to collect it. Incidentally, the cost of chair-hire must be almost the only item of charge which has not risen since the war. Why this should be so I cannot imagine!

The pleasure of listening to the band derives, I suppose, from several sources. It is only partly musical; indeed, at times it is not musical at all, for much of the music provided is to my perhaps jaundiced way of thinking of the most excruciating kind and scarcely music at all. But it does not matter; so long as the sun is shining, the warm sheen on the faded chairs, the gleaming instruments and the gay-shaped pavilion, the lovely green of the chestnuts and the contentment of the audience all provide pleasure enough. It is not, I admit, much fun for my dog, whose musical and æsthetic faculties appear to be very slender and whose only satisfaction during his enforced sojourn by the bandstand is to strain at his lead and bark at passing members of his species; on the other hand, there is for him the immense pleasure

of leaving the place—a pleasure which is always expressed so audibly that I can never depart before the end of the piece, even if it happens to be one that I particularly detest. Indeed, if I get away without being involved in a dog-fight, I count myself fortunate.

My fellow auditors—though auditors seems scarcely the right word—afford me particular enjoyment. They are so impervious to the world about them, so much creatures of the occasion, so firmly and stably

musical appreciation or, indeed, of any awareness of the music at all—those around the bandstand fall into two distinct categories. There are the quick and the dead. The former are family groups, lovers, newspaper-readers and relatives of friends of the performers. These carry on an animated and delicious social life of their own; replace, with proud and loving eyes, their young in the chairs or perambulators out of which they have noisily climbed or fallen; squeeze one another's hands, gaze into one another's eyes and titter over the absurd but infinitely exciting things which people in their happy state perpetually confide to one another; or make proprietary and unanswered signals to the patiently blowing artists on the bandstand. But the dead are, if possible, even more fascinating to watch. For they appear to be men and women in a trance: they sit gazing at the musical pavilion with unseeing eyes, half-open mouths and an air of motionless imperturbability that has to be seen to be believed. What is going on in their minds it is impossible to gauge. I am inclined to suspect nothing at all: that, in a world where the conscious is mostly pain, they have achieved complete unconsciousness:

We have triumphed: this achievement turns the bane to antidote,

Unsuccesses to success,  
Many thought-worn eves and morrows  
to a morrow free of thought.  
No more need we corn and clothing,  
feel of old terrestrial stress;  
Chill detraction stirs no sigh;†

This, however, is no more than a surmise: their expressionless faces may only be a mask. They may be dreaming dreams and seeing visions: visions, perhaps—for they are mostly the old and faded—of a world where the band also played under the chest-nuts in the Park, but where eyes—

their eyes—were bright and full of hope, and life of grace and gaiety. I do not know, but I rather hope it is so, and, indeed, it may be that—the accumulated atmosphere of it—which makes the vicinity of the bandstand such a delightful place.

All men, it is said, destroy the thing they love. I hope I have not done wrong in writing this article and thereby imperilled my own favourite haunt when in London. A little while ago I wrote of the satisfaction, not to say inspiration, I derived from watching the pre-matutinal bathers in the wintry Serpentine as I walked my dog beside its waters. Yet no sooner had my article appeared than barricades arose across the path by the lake; and it became no longer possible for me to take my morning walk there—a serious matter for me, for that particular path, having railings on one side and water on the other, was about the only place in all London where I could let my pugnacious companion off the lead without his flying off at a tangent in pursuit of some other beast. Will the result of this essay be a further intervention by Authority to deny me my last remaining pleasure? Will the bandstand be dismembered or turned into an official dumping-ground for unwanted war material (like the delightful and once-public footpath-tunnels under the Serpentine bridge), the chestnuts be felled, the instrumentalists be expelled for ever from the garden by a high civil servant with a flaming statutory order? If so, it will be my own fault and will serve me right. However, for the moment, the honest lads in their gay uniforms from musical colliery or northern works are still with us, the summer sun is still (occasionally) shining, and the chairs are only twopence. The brass has struck up "The Bee's Wedding," the stolid but soulful gentleman at the piano is waiting to give his rendering of the "Warsaw Concerto," and the ticket collector is making his circle of the sunlit, empty chairs. And "O, listen to the band!"

#### ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: REPRODUCTIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 8, 1846. THE GREAT STORM OF AUGUST 1, 1846.



"LONDON, FROM BLACKHEATH, DURING THE STORM."

"Last Saturday afternoon between three and four, the metropolis and its neighbourhood within several miles distance, were visited by a storm of thunder, lightning, rain, hail, and wind, of very great severity. . . . The rain was particularly heavy, and was accompanied by hailstones of a very large size, stated variously to be of the size of hazel and walnuts. . . . The violence of the storm will be best understood from the amount of damage ascertained to have been committed. . . . At Buckingham Palace great damage was done. The Picture Gallery, in which are some of the most splendid productions of the old masters, was at one time in imminent danger. . . . The Nine Elms terminus of the Southampton Railway was extensively injured. . . . At the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the glass of the conservatory, in which the carnivora are kept, was completely destroyed. . . . The Fleet Ditch, which is carried to the second arch of Blackfriars-bridge, through a drain formed of strong iron plates, blew up with a tremendous explosion. . . . A depth of rain equal to four and a half inches fell, and on Sunday morning there was an additional half-inch of rain, making the total depth of five inches. As the average depth of rain in a year in the neighbourhood of London does not much exceed twenty inches, we have had nearly the quantity of three months' fall of rain within twenty-four hours."

(The recent storms, and particularly that on July 26, which caused an extensive hold-up of London's rail and road services, lend an additional interest to the above extract from our pages of one hundred years ago.)



"THE SEWER AT BLACKFRIARS-BRIDGE."

seated on their ancient chairs of pleasure that I never cease to wonder at them. For them, as for me, in that escapist hour, the atomic bomb, bread rationing, the income tax, the omnipresent official form, the crowded train or bus, the thousand-and-one worries and frustrations of present-day life are non-existent. They are back, presumably, as I myself am back, in the timeless world in which one visited the same bandstand nearly half a century ago, with one's mother or nurse for company. Judging by the expressions—and these never betray the slightest sign of any

\* Selected Poems of Francis Thompson, p. x. (Burns and Oates.)

† "Wessex Poems," by Thomas Hardy (p. 156). (Macmillan.)





THE MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE AS THE SECOND ATOMIC TEST BOMB DETONATED UNDER THE SURFACE OF BIKINI LAGOON: A GREY TOWER OF WATER, RISING FROM THE TARGET AREA, CAPPED WITH AN IMMENSE DOME OF SPUME AND SPRAY WHICH HID THE ANCHORED SHIPS.



ATOMIC CHAOS IN THE BIKINI LAGOON: VAPOUR WAVES FORMING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WATER AND CLOUD MASS, OBSCURING THE TARGET FLEET; A SECTION OF THE ATOLL MAY BE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.



A VISUAL RECORD OF THE GREATEST UNDERWATER EXPLOSION EVER KNOWN: THE SOUND-WAVE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BROADCAST ATOMIC BOMB DETONATION RECORDED ON AN AUDIOMETER BY PROFESSOR A. M. LOW—THE PERIOD OF THE SOUND-SHAPES REPRESENTS A DURATION OF JUST UNDER THREE-QUARTERS OF A SECOND.

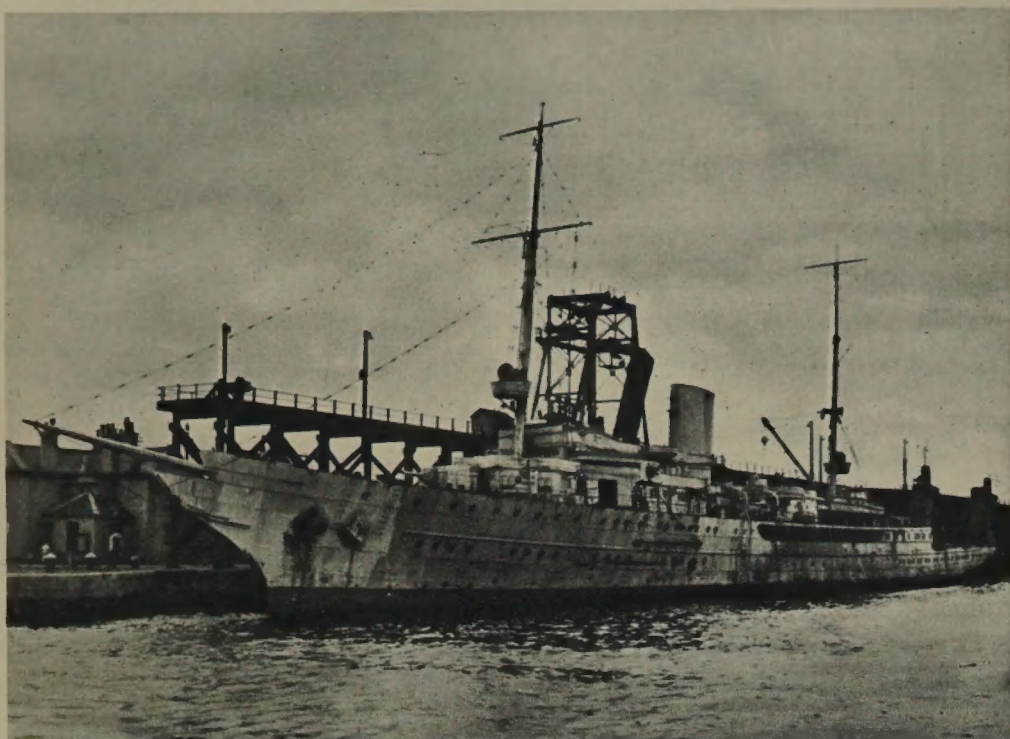
#### THE GREATEST UNDERWATER EXPLOSION EVER KNOWN: VISUAL RECORDS OF THE SIGHT AND SOUND.

In our issue of August 3 we published photographs showing the atomic test-bomb explosion under the surface of the Bikini lagoon at 10.35 p.m., July 24 (British Summer Time). They had been sent by radio from Bikini and therefore had not the clarity of the photographs reproduced on this page. A sound-wave

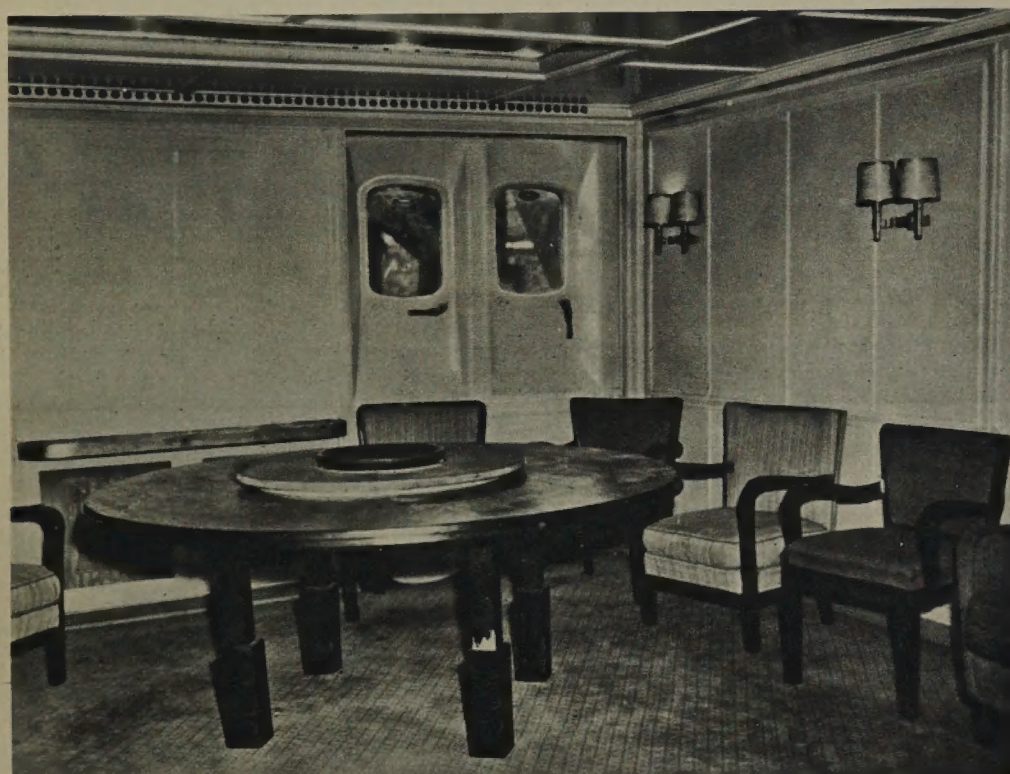
photograph of the broadcast detonation was taken on an audiometer by Professor A. M. Low, thus preserving a visual record of the greatest underwater explosion ever known. The wave-shapes show a composition of a very large number of high-frequency noises which suggests a series of high-speed reflected oscillations.



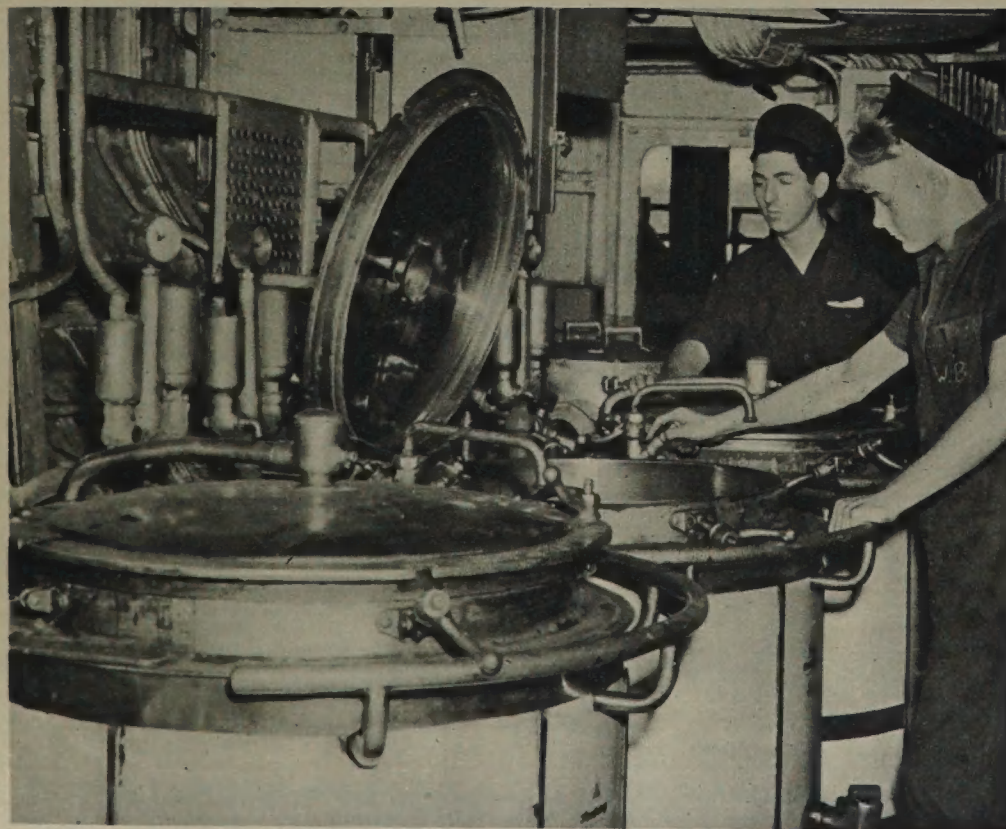
## HITLER'S YACHT FOR SALE.



HITLER'S PRIVATE YACHT, THE *GRILLE*, LYING AT WEST HARTLEPOOL, WHERE PROSPECTIVE BUYERS MAY INSPECT HER BY APPOINTMENT.



HITLER'S CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE *GRILLE*, A VESSEL CONTAINING A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF CABINS AND OTHER ACCOMMODATION.



BRITISH SAILORS DEMONSTRATING THE ALL-ELECTRIC GALLEY OF HITLER'S YACHT AT HER BERTH AT WEST HARTLEPOOL.

On behalf of the Admiralty, the Director of Small Craft Disposals has announced that Hitler's private yacht, the *Grille*, presented by the German nation to their Führer, is for sale. This vessel, built at the Hamburg shipyards of Blohm and Voss, has an approximate displacement of 3600 tons and a speed of 27 knots, and has great possibilities as a pleasure cruiser. Launched in 1934, she was commissioned the following year, and from the wings of her flag-deck Hitler reviewed the might of the German Navy. Four years later the *Grille* became part of that Navy, attachments already provided for when she was fitted out in 1935 converting her to a fast minelayer and commerce raider. Later, she became the base ship for U-boats operating from the Norwegian fjords. Enquiries from prospective purchasers of the yacht should be made to the Director of Small Craft Disposals, Admiralty, Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey.

## BRITISH TROOPS IN TEL AVIV.

Many hundreds of terrorist suspects, including Itzhak Yesternitsky, the deputy commander of the Stern Group gang which assassinated Lord Moyne in 1944, were arrested during the recent full-scale round-up in the all-Jewish town of Tel Aviv following the bomb outrage at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. The round-up, which began at 5 o'clock on the morning of July 30, was a full-scale operation involving about 13,000 British troops, and many secret arms dumps were unearthed, including one in the Great Synagogue, the principal synagogue in Palestine. The most recent developments on the Palestine question at the time of writing include the British Government's statement dissociating itself from the views expressed by General Barker, the military commander in Palestine, in a letter to officers forbidding British troops to associate with Jews; President Truman's recall to America of the U.S. delegation in Britain which had been taking part in the negotiations for a Palestine settlement; and Mr. Churchill's suggestion, in the House of Commons, that in the event of the United States refusing collaboration on Palestine, Britain should surrender her mandate and lay the burden at the feet of the United Nations.



BRITISH PATROLS, EQUIPPED WITH SHIELDS AND STAVES FOR SKIRMISHING, STANDING BY IN TEL AVIV READY FOR TERRORIST ACTIVITIES.

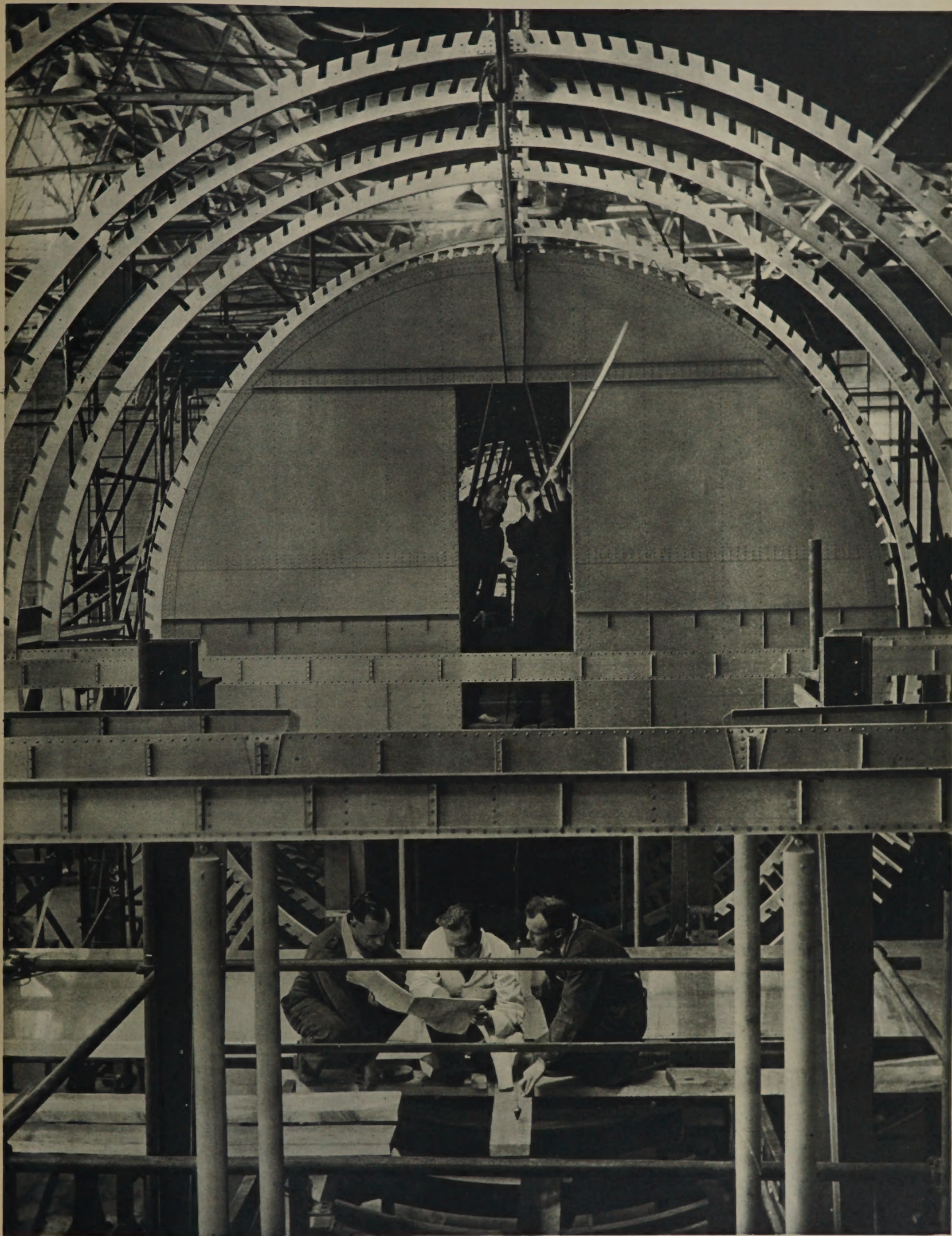


MEN OF THE BRITISH AIRBORNE DIVISION, WITH A WALKIE-TALKIE RADIO-TELEPHONE, ON DUTY AT A BARBED-WIRE STREET BARRIER.



BRITISH TROOPS ON DUTY AT A ROAD BLOCK IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF TEL AVIV, SCENE OF THE BIG ROUND-UP OF TERRORISTS.





LIKE THE INTERIOR OF A MODERN FACTORY: WORKMEN CONSTRUCTING THE CENTRAL SECTION OF BRITAIN'S MAMMOTH LONG-DISTANCE AIR-LINER, THE "BRISTOL" BRABAZON, WHICH WILL HAVE SLEEPING-BERTHS FOR 72 PASSENGERS.

The Brabazon I., Britain's outsize 110-ton air-liner now under construction by the Bristol Aeroplane Company, is expected to take the air some time next year. Designed for long-distance transportation of 72 sleeping passengers in luxurious comfort in air-conditioned saloons, it will have a non-stop range of 5000 miles and is expected

to cover the England-Australia route in 48 hours. The huge dimensions of the liner make Britain's heaviest wartime bombers look like dwarfs, and its potential capacity may be judged by the fact that a proposed converted version of the Brabazon for short-distance routes would carry 224 passengers.



# BRIGHTON PUTS THE CLOCK BACK AND RELIVES ITS REGENCY DAYS.



RECALLING THE DAYS WHEN THE PAVILION WAS A ROYAL RESIDENCE: A ROOM FURNISHED WITH PERIOD FURNITURE AS A FEATURE OF THE REGENCY EXHIBITION.

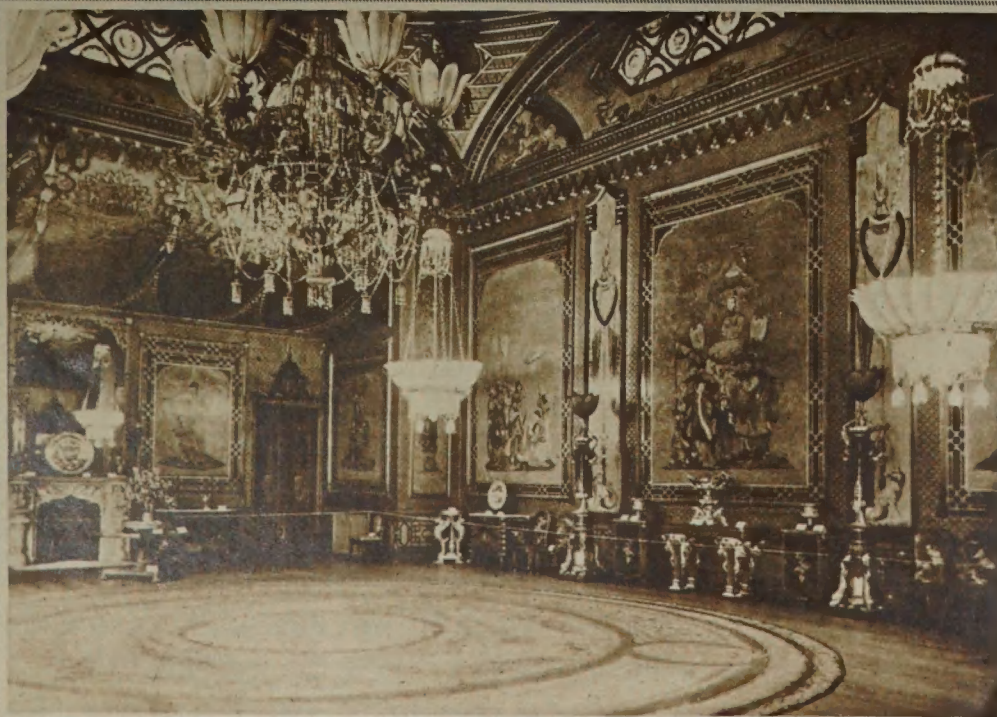


ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME ROOM, SHOWING THE GRACEFUL PERIOD FURNITURE FROM SOUTHILL PARK, LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY MAJOR S. WHITBREAD.

ON July 29 the Queen and Queen Mary visited the Regency Exhibition in the Royal Pavilion at Brighton held in connection with the Regency Festival, during which the town has been *en fête* for fifteen days, in aid of Sussex charities. The King and Queen and Queen Mary have contributed to the success of the Exhibition by the loan of Regency furniture and other valuable items. During their tour of the Pavilion the Queen was accompanied by Lord Bessborough, president of the Festival, and Queen Mary by Mr. William Teeling, M.P., and Mr. Clifford Musgrave, curator of the Royal Pavilion Estate, both of whom have given unstinted support to the new Regency Society formed to protect Brighton's architectural heritage. Among the notable exhibits were silver-gilt dishes lent by the Goldsmiths' Company and displayed on sideboard cabinets from Buckingham Palace in the magnificent banqueting-room, and an engraving of the Prince Regent lent by Queen Mary and placed on a sofa table of amboyna wood inlaid with brass. The south drawing-room was arranged with furniture from Southill Park, lent by Major S. Whitbread. Their Majesties were particularly interested in the candelabra presented to Brighton Corporation by King George V. in 1920 after being for many years at Windsor Castle.



THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY LORD BESSBOROUGH, PRESIDENT OF THE REGENCY FESTIVAL, AND QUEEN MARY LEAVING BY THE NORTH GATE AFTER VISITING THE EXHIBITION IN THE ROYAL PAVILION AT BRIGHTON.



INCLUDING SOME OF THE ORIGINAL FURNISHINGS DESIGNED BY ROBERT JONES AND LENT BY THE KING: EXHIBITS IN THE BANQUETING-ROOM OF THE ROYAL PAVILION.



BRIGHTON RECAPTURES THE SPIRIT OF HER PAST: NINETEENTH-CENTURY COSTUMES DISPLAYED IN THE EXHIBITION HELD IN CONNECTION WITH THE REGENCY FESTIVAL.





"LONDON-BY-THE-SEA": AN AERIAL VIEW OF BRIGHTON; SHOWING THE ROYAL PAVILION (CENTRE) AND, TO THE RIGHT OF PALACE PIER, THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.



"A MEDITERRANEAN LOUNGING-PLACE ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL": AN AERIAL VIEW OF BOURNEMOUTH; SHOWING THE LONG STRETCH OF SANDY BEACH FOR WHICH IT IS FAMOUS.

#### TARGETS FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS OF 1946: AERIAL VIEWS OF BRIGHTON AND BOURNEMOUTH.

Last year, although the war with Germany had ended in May, there was little to tempt the holiday-maker to seek recreation by the sea. Many hotels were being used by the Services and the beaches still bristled with anti-invasion devices. In the ensuing twelve months much has been done to prepare for the first post-war holiday season, and

as a result record crowds have been filling the main-line stations and accommodation in hotels and boarding-houses has been booked up months in advance. Two of the most popular resorts on the South Coast are Brighton and Bournemouth, the former long known as "London-by-the-Sea," the latter famous for its pine woods and six miles of excellent sands.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MME. MADELEINE BRAUN.**

On July 30, for the first time in France's history, a woman presided at a session of the French Consultative Assembly. She was Mme. Madeleine Braun, a Communist, who was recently elected one of the Vice-Presidents. She deputised for M. Vincent Auriol, who had to undergo an operation. When she addressed the Assembly the unfamiliar formula, "Mme. la Présidente," was greeted with cheers.



**QUEEN WILHELMINA PRESENTS THIRTY-SIX HORSES TO THE KING AS A GIFT FROM THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT: (L.) A HAPPY SCENE DURING THE CEREMONY; (R.) THE KING WITH QUEEN WILHELMINA AT CROYDON AIRPORT.**

At an informal ceremony-at Buckingham Palace on July 31 Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands presented thirty-six horses to the King as a gift from the Dutch Government to commemorate the liberation of Holland. Our photographs show: (left) the King, Queen Mary and the two Princesses enjoying a joke during the ceremony; (right) the King bidding farewell to Queen Wilhelmina at Croydon airport before her return to Holland. Captain H. Spry Leverton, Regional Director of K.L.M., is in the centre background.



**THE KING WITH QUEEN WILHELMINA INSPECTING HER GIFT OF HORSES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.**

Thirty black horses and six greys, all bred in the Netherlands, were presented by Queen Wilhelmina as a gift to the King from the Dutch Government. Four of the greys were absent from the ceremony; they are still in quarantine.

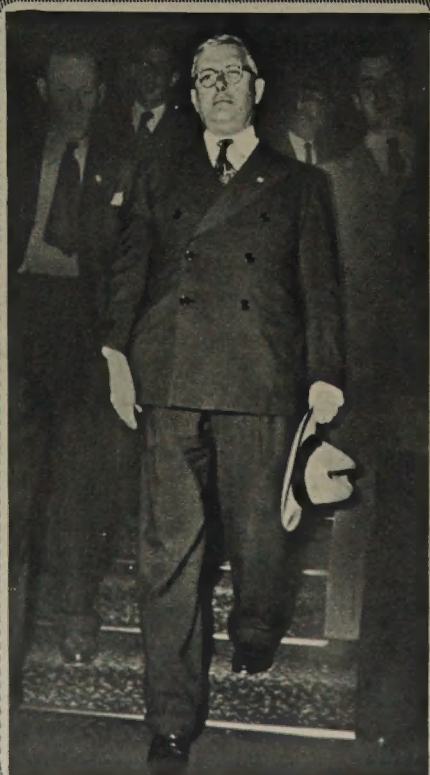


**PRINCESS ELIZABETH INSPECTING THE CHILDREN'S WARD AT NORTHAMPTON GENERAL HOSPITAL.**

Princess Elizabeth paid her first official visit to Northampton on July 30. She visited the Northampton General Hospital, where she inspected the Children's Ward and the maternity home. She also opened Grendon Hall, a county youth centre.

**FLIGHT-LIEUT. W. H. M. MCKENZIE.**

Flight-Lieut. W. H. M. McKenzie, R.C.A.F., of Winnipeg, Manitoba, who was given up for lost in the Northern Ontario bushlands after his jet-propelled Gloster Meteor disappeared on June 29, reached safety after spending four weeks in the bush. He had lived on berries, roots and small game, and lost 47 lbs. in weight during his ordeal and the trek back to civilisation.

**DR. HERBERT EVATT.**

Dr. Evatt, Australian Minister for External Affairs, is leader of the Australian delegation to the Peace Conference. At the opening session he addressed the meeting on questions of procedure and showed his anxiety that the recommendations of the smaller Powers should be decisive in shaping the final drafts of the treaties.

**KUMAR RAMENDRA NARAYAN ROY.**

One of the strangest stories told in a court of law ended on July 30 when the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided that Kumar Ramendra Narayan Roy had survived cremation in 1909 and was entitled to a fortune. The court dismissed the claim of his wife that she had seen her husband cremated and that the man was an impostor. Thus ended a case which had occupied the Courts for twenty-five years. He died on Aug. 3.

**MISS EVELYN SHARP.**

Miss Evelyn Sharp, Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Health, has been appointed to succeed Sir Thomas Sheepshanks as Deputy Secretary of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning at a salary of £2,500 a year. Miss Sharp, who is forty-two, will become the highest-paid and most senior woman Civil Servant. She has been Mr. Bevan's second-in-command on housing questions.



## HARLOW: THE THIRD ENGLISH TOWN NAMED FOR OFFICIAL DEVELOPMENT.

SOME indications of the manner in which the Government proposes to develop its new satellite towns appeared in *The Illustrated London News* on May 18 this year, on the occasion of the announcement that Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, would be the first town to be so developed. On July 10 it was made known that the second satellite town would be built in the area of Crawley and Three Bridges, in Sussex. A fortnight later, on July 24,

*(Continued below, on right.)*



ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH AND CHURCH SCHOOL OF THE OLD MARKET TOWN OF HARLOW, ESSEX, SCHEDULED AS THE SCENE OF A GOVERNMENT SATELLITE TOWNSHIP.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF HARLOW, A SMALL MARKET TOWN ABOUT TWENTY MILES NORTH OF LONDON. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH.



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SCHOOL AT HARLOW, ADJOINING ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH ON THE FRINGE OF A VILLAGE GREEN TYPICAL OF OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWNS.



THIS VIEW OF HARLOW MILL, ON THE TOWN'S OUTSKIRTS, REFLECTS THE RURAL BEAUTY OF AN AREA NOW SCHEDULED FOR URBAN DEVELOPMENT.



MULBERRY GREEN, IN THE CENTRE OF HARLOW, AT THE POINT WHERE THE MAIN ROAD FROM EPPING TO BISHOP STORTFORD FORKS TO CHELMSFORD.



HARLOW LOCK, ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE TOWN, WHICH STANDS ON THE RIVER STORT, NEAR THE BORDER OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

*(Continued.)*

Mr. Lewis Silkin, the Minister of Town and Country Planning, met representatives of the authorities concerned to discuss the development of a third satellite town in the neighbourhood of Harlow, Essex, a small market town on the River Stort, close to the border of Hertfordshire, some twenty miles north of London, and whose pre-war population was about 3000. The old-world atmosphere of this country community is reflected in the photographs on this page. Mr. Silkin stated that he would circulate an outline plan of the area as a basis for discussion, and indicated that objectors would be heard at a public inquiry.



## SIR OSBERT SITWELL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—PART TWO.

**"THE SCARLET TREE": By SIR OSBERT SITWELL.\***

An appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE is the second volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography. It brings him up to 1909: he was sixteen then, and persuaded his father to let him leave Eton: "as will transpire in the next volume, in doing this I committed a tactical error, but it seemed at the time a great step forward towards liberty." I cannot remember often before, or even ever, being delighted to find that the central figure of a biography, whether self-written or not, has been only sixteen at the end of the second volume. This time I certainly am; Sir Osbert has found the form and the material which suit him, and the more volumes he produces in this manner the better I shall be pleased. For there is not here the usual chronological catalogue of mundane facts, stale as last year's newspapers, or any passion not to omit any of the hero's more humdrum movements or achievements. To use the current jargon, his experiences have been "screened" ("sifted" used to serve): we have here a reverie, very carefully recorded, over an external past, and a little world of friends and relations, and also the story of a sensitive and intelligent boy, with his brother and sister, gradually becoming aware of nature, books, architecture, painting and music, the glories and horrors of this world, and the mystery of the Universe. And, that the exquisite monotony into which Pater sometimes drowsed should be avoided, there is a sufficiency of digression, shift of time, and occasional documentation by other people's letters; relief, in fact, and some of it comic.

Sir Osbert in this book goes to a day-school, to two preparatory schools, and to Eton. He disliked them all. As a small boy he was bullied: as for Eton, he says: "I liked Eton, except in the following respects: for work and games, for boys and masters." "I abhor horses" is another remark. It is evident that (though nothing could excuse the prep-school beastliness) he was one of those

times before any typist could read it, was in the end of aid to me, because as I went, I revised, emended and improved, expanding or contracting a passage, and thus I learned, incidentally and gradually, the benefits to be derived from this continual process of transcribing. It



SACHEVERELL SITWELL (AET. 6) IN THE CRESCENT, SCARBOROUGH.

led me, too, to rate the essential clarity of a sentence, the structure of it, high above all other virtues; it did not matter if the flesh clothed the bones in a Rubens-like abundance, so long as the skeleton was there to support it." Well, it works both ways. Henry James, in his later days, used to dictate a draft; then dictate a fuller draft from the typescript; and then, from another typescript, dictate another draft still: and though, on analysis, it could be found that the subject always had had a relevant predicate, the reader had sometimes forgotten the beginning of the sentence before he came to the end: which sometimes also happened with the freely festooned speeches of the later Arthur Balfour, who could put in as many quite grammatical qualifying clauses when on his feet as another man might do when re-writing. Now and then Sir Osbert does go on too long with his sentences: "I say, when is this going to stop?" is the reader's reaction. But his care more often results in passages of sustained beauty. There is one on his awakening to the richness of the play of light in Italy; there is one on Venice; there is one on the beauty



EDITH, COUNTESS OF LONDESBOURGH, SIR OSBERT SITWELL'S GRANDMOTHER, 1908.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Scarlet Tree" by Courtesy of the Publishers, Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

of the Thames Floods, almost the only things he admired at Eton, which he left too young to know how happy a boy's last years at school can be. I can quote but one, which arises from the thought of orchids, which he first loved when he was at his detested preparatory school, so rife with brutality: "I was already a lover of exotics, and orchids brought with them for me every sort of hot-house enchantment. I liked, whenever an opportunity offered, to walk in those tents of crystal, that exist in their own odorous climate, winter and summer. These fragments, broken off, as it were, from the Spice Islands or from some continent covered with tropical forests, and protected after this fashion with so brittle and glittering a shelter, are always beautiful to me; albeit never more lovely than after those bitter winter nights, when, in the mornings you find frozen on the panes the shapes of the foliage they shelter, the intricate pattern of leaves of fern and sensitive plant, mysteriously etched by the moisture they exhale. . . .

SIR OSBERT SITWELL, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK, "THE SCARLET TREE," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Fifth Baronet, having succeeded his father in 1943, Sir Osbert Sitwell is almost equally well known as poet, novelist, critic and essayist. He has written many books, of which perhaps the best known are "Before the Bombardment," "Triple Fugue," "England Reclaimed," and the first volume of his autobiography, "Left Hand, Right Hand!"



OSBERT (AET. 9) WITH SACHEVERELL SITWELL (AET. 4).

Indeed, this process is still a wonder to me, seeming to offer its own guarantee, however often that may be denied by the folly of men and mocked by wars, hunger and persecution, that life possesses a meaning. Why else should water, freezing as it runs down a sheet of glass, assume these forms of Nature, tracing in misty white the ghosts of many leaves, designs of the Creator; what laws, as yet unknown, what immense and majestic poetry of life, with deep internal rhythm, some of it only to be perceived in the central core of the earth, some at the very edge of a universe, ordains and governs such echoes, such paraphrases, such facts as that an empty shell for as long as it shall last seems to have gathered into its opaline cavities the sounds of all the breakers that have passed over it, or that a butterfly's wings should mirror the flowers over which they hover (protective colouring is too dull an answer and places the Creator in battle-dress—at most, it can only be a particle of the whole vast truth), or that a snow-flake, transient reproduction of a crystal, should so delicately present an identical structure?

I think that in future volumes the illustrations might be more varied, might vary, indeed, with the text, which here wanders from beautiful scene to beautiful scene, and over a wide range of impressive and funny people. Here there is but a mixture of old family photographs and pictures, smudgy and sooty (doubtless suffering from reproduction and reduction), by Mr. John Piper of the family abode, Renishaw, and its landscape and structural surroundings. It is annoying to keep on saying: "I hope he's got a picture of her—or of him—or of this place," and then to find that there isn't one. However many photographs (or drawings) of people and places there might be, there would be no risk of these volumes looking ordinary.

hard cases who make bad law: the ninety-and-nine would probably have been equally miserable had they had compulsory Bach and Tiepolo, as he was when he had games inflicted upon him. Brought up, also, in an extremely cultivated household, he did not understand that his boyish interests might be shared in later life by some of those boys whom he regarded as quite unthinking and pedestrian. However, he was made as he was made, and he noticed precociously. At an age when most children are just playing with toys of sorts he was noting and remembering his surroundings and the people he was with, including that charming, talented, eccentric father who is so sympathetically, yet truthfully, depicted on many pages of this book, and the valet Henry Moat, whose new letters make me feel more acutely than ever that his collected Correspondence might make a classic. Travel also begins in this volume, and an awakening in Italy, to him, as to every man of his kind, a second country and a source of all we love.

The future anthologist of sustained passages of English prose will not find it difficult to discover something to his purpose in this book. Sir Osbert holds the comfortable theory that his vile handwriting has improved his style. "Just as a stammer," says he, "such a hindrance to many careers, seems to be a help to an author—there have been several notable authors who stammered—making him choose and love this other means of expression more than talking, as well perhaps as obliging him to assemble his thoughts more neatly than does an ordinary man, so the fact that I had to copy and re-copy every page several

\* "The Scarlet Tree: Being the Second Volume of 'Left Hand, Right Hand!'" An Autobiography by Osbert Sitwell. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 15s.)





#### NEW YORK DANCERS IN COVENT GARDEN'S GREAT SEASON OF BALLET.

More than anything else, it is almost certainly the popularity of Ballet which has contributed to restore to London's season something of its pre-war glamour. Of all the arts it would seem that Ballet has made the greatest fresh advance in the popular favour, and Covent Garden, once the home of Grand Opera in England, has had already this year two triumphant seasons of Ballet. On February 20 the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company opened for their first season at Covent Garden, and danced to delighted audiences until the end of June. With the coming of July The Ballet Theatre of New York opened for a month's season, which was later extended for a second month

(closing on August 31). A scene of this Company's presentation of the classical ballet "Giselle," drawn by Richard E. Jennings in the Royal Opera House, is shown above. The Company, which is distinguished by great technical achievement and brilliance, is six years old, and was formed in New York. Its directors are Lina Uchace, who is also one of the principal dancers, and Oliver Smith. Their repertoire is exceptionally wide and varied and has included classical and modern ballets from all sources, and also especially American ballets, reflecting the spirit and tempo of the life and art of the United States.







**THE PARIS  
PEACE  
CONFERENCE :  
A HISTORIC  
CONCOURSE  
OF THE  
DELEGATES  
OF THE  
TWENTY-ONE  
ALLIES.**

**THE SCENE AT  
THE  
LUXEMBOURG  
PALACE DURING  
M. BIDAULT'S  
OPENING  
SPEECH TO THE  
CONFERENCE  
OF PARIS.**

ON July 29 the delegates of the twenty-one Allied Nations met together for the first time in the Senate Chamber of the Luxembourg Palace at Paris. Their purpose was to consider the first chapter in the settlement of Europe—the draft treaties with Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and Finland, the texts of which were made public simultaneously in Washington, Paris, Moscow and London on July 30. The opening speech of welcome to the delegates was made by the French Premier, M. Georges Bidault, who can be seen on the platform at the extreme right of our picture. As well as welcoming the delegates, he dwelt upon the high responsibility which lay on the framers of this peace to ensure that it should have a longer and more secure existence than the last, and he found cause for optimism in the presence of two Great Powers, America and Russia, who had taken no part in the closing stages of the last settlement. Dr. Evatt, of Australia, unexpectedly intervened seeking guarantees that the recommendations of the smaller nations should be decisive in shaping the final drafts. On the second day, M. Spaak, of Belgium, was elected Chairman, with M. Kardelj (Yugoslavia) Vice-Chairman. Speeches were made by Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Wang of China, and by Mr. Attlee, who pointed out that they were the trustees for the unborn children of the future and called for a high objective standard of conduct with full attention to world public opinion.





# A NEW FEATURE OF OUR TIME—THE HOLIDAY EN MASSE:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



## IMPRESSIONS OF A HOLIDAY SHARED WITH FIVE THOUSAND OTHER CAMPERS—AND WITH NEVER A

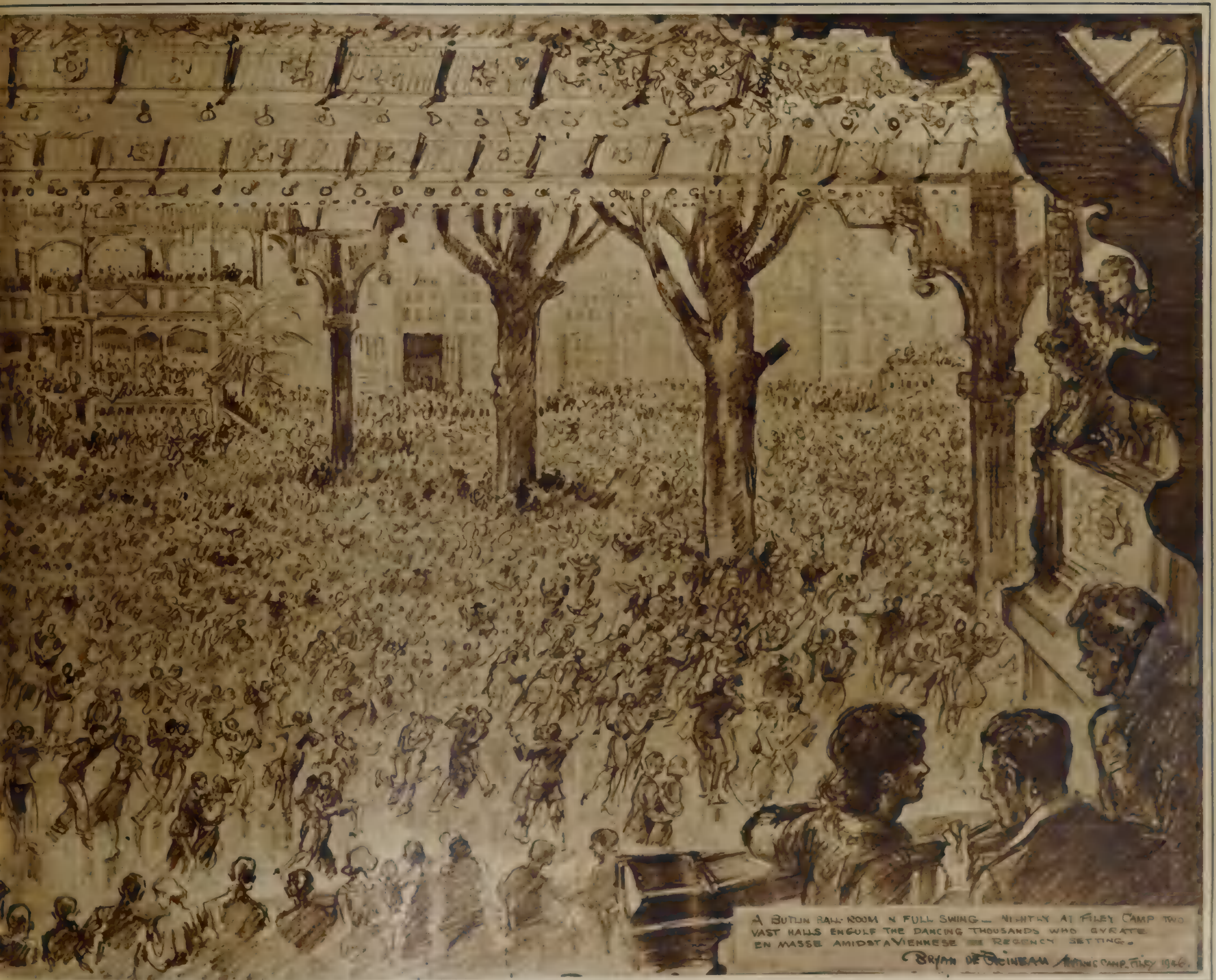
Our artist on returning from a visit to a Butlin holiday camp writes: "It would be hard to be lonely in the camp at Filey, and it would also be hard to find a moment which did not have some entertainment or attraction allotted to it, from the time one takes one's place on a Saturday morning among the 5000-odd arrivals at the reception

office up to the grand massed musical 'Auld Lang Syne' finale at nearly midnight on the following Friday. For administrative purposes the camp is divided into two halves—North and South—each having its own theatre, dance-hall, restaurants, cafés, and chalet lines. Each half is divided into 'Houses,' making four in all—



# OUR ARTIST VISITS A POPULAR YORKSHIRE HOLIDAY CAMP.

CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



## DULL MOMENT: FORMALITIES ON ARRIVAL AND OTHER ASPECTS OF LIFE IN A HOLIDAY CAMP.

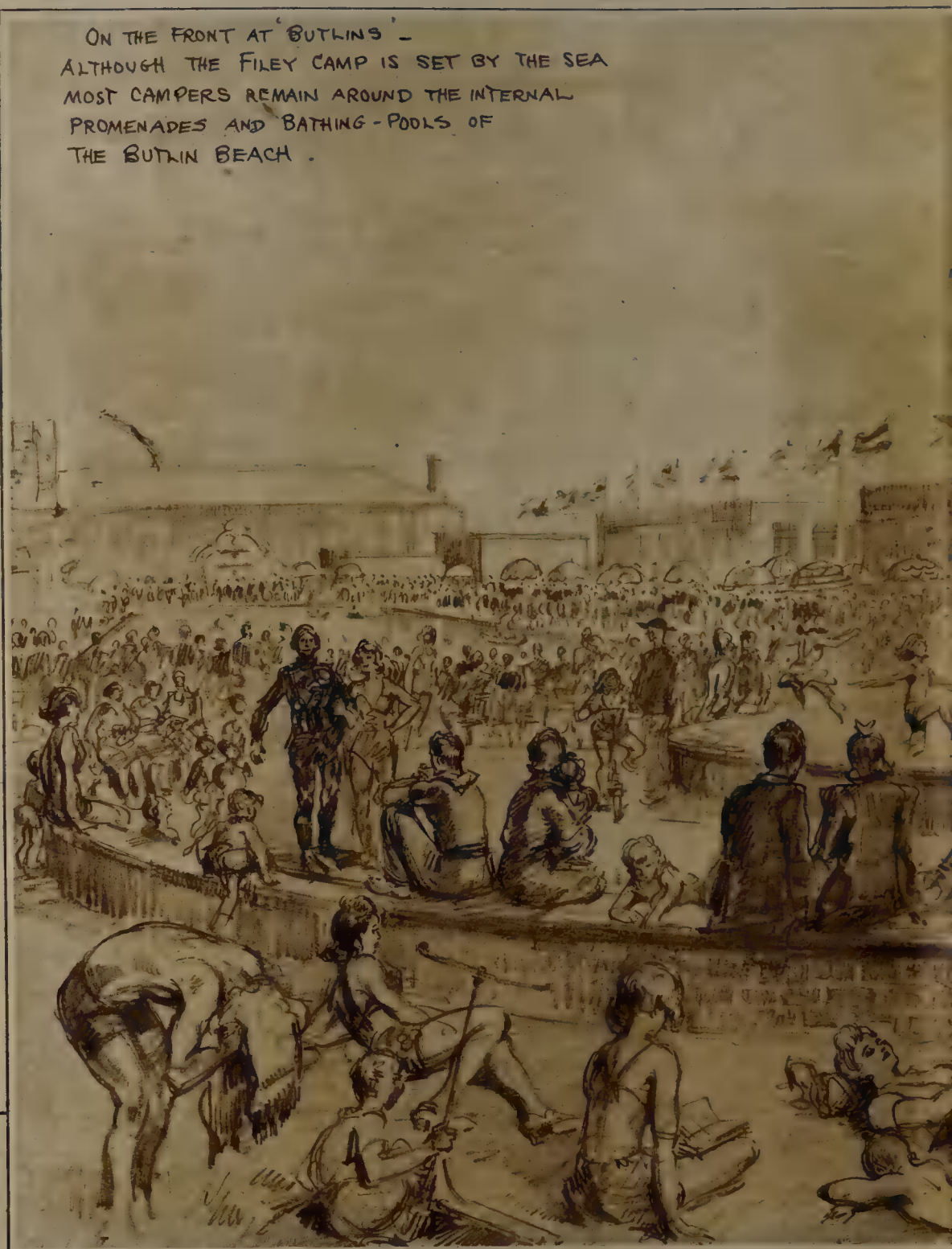
Kent, Gloucester, York and Windsor—and keen sports rivalry is inculcated into their occupants. There is a restaurant allotted to each House serving the 1500 people who belong to it. Every chalet has hot and cold water and on: a central heating pipe; a chest of drawers and a clothes recess; chairs and two single beds, or one double

and one single, or two two-tiered bunks for families; very much like cabin accommodation on board a liner. The camper's day starts at 7.45, when the Butlin Radio service broadcasts to every part of the still dormant hive of holiday-makers that the morning is fine, that it is time to rise and shine, and that breakfast will be served



## A NEW FEATURE OF OUR TIME—THE HOLIDAY CAMP: WHERE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## SOME AMENITIES OF A HOLIDAY RUN ON THE COMMUNAL SYSTEM: ATTENDANTS AND SPECIAL

Continued.]

at 8.30 in the four respective House restaurants. After breakfast a great wave of keeping fit sweeps over the camp, and the central playing field becomes a mass of physical training enthusiasts—each house striving for prestige. Relaxing, after all that, one strolls round the Butlin shops. Then a quick change to bathing kit and

into the blue waters of the bathing-pool, or canoe-ing on the lagoon. The cafés and restaurants are open all day. Tea dances, roller skating and hockey matches take one on to dinner-time, after which All-star Variety and dramatic programmes are presented at the two theatres. From 8.30 onwards the two great ball-rooms burst into



# THE SEA IS THE BACKGROUND TO ORGANISED PLEASURE.

CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU



A MEDICAL STAFF AND NURSES  
ARE IN CONSTANT ATTENDANCE  
DEALING WITH MINOR  
AILMENTS.



AT CLOSING TIME  
A 'PENNY-ON-THE-DRUM' PROCESSION PARADES THROUGH  
THE CAFES AND BALL-ROOMS COLLECTING THE  
REVELLERS INTO ONE VAST GOOD-NIGHT MARCH.



MEAL TIMES  
IN  
THE FOUR GREAT  
RESTAURANTS ARE  
MARVELS OF MASS PRODUCTION -  
- IN EACH 1500 CAMPERS  
SIT DOWN AT THE APPOINTED HOUR  
AND ARE SERVED IMMEDIATELY -

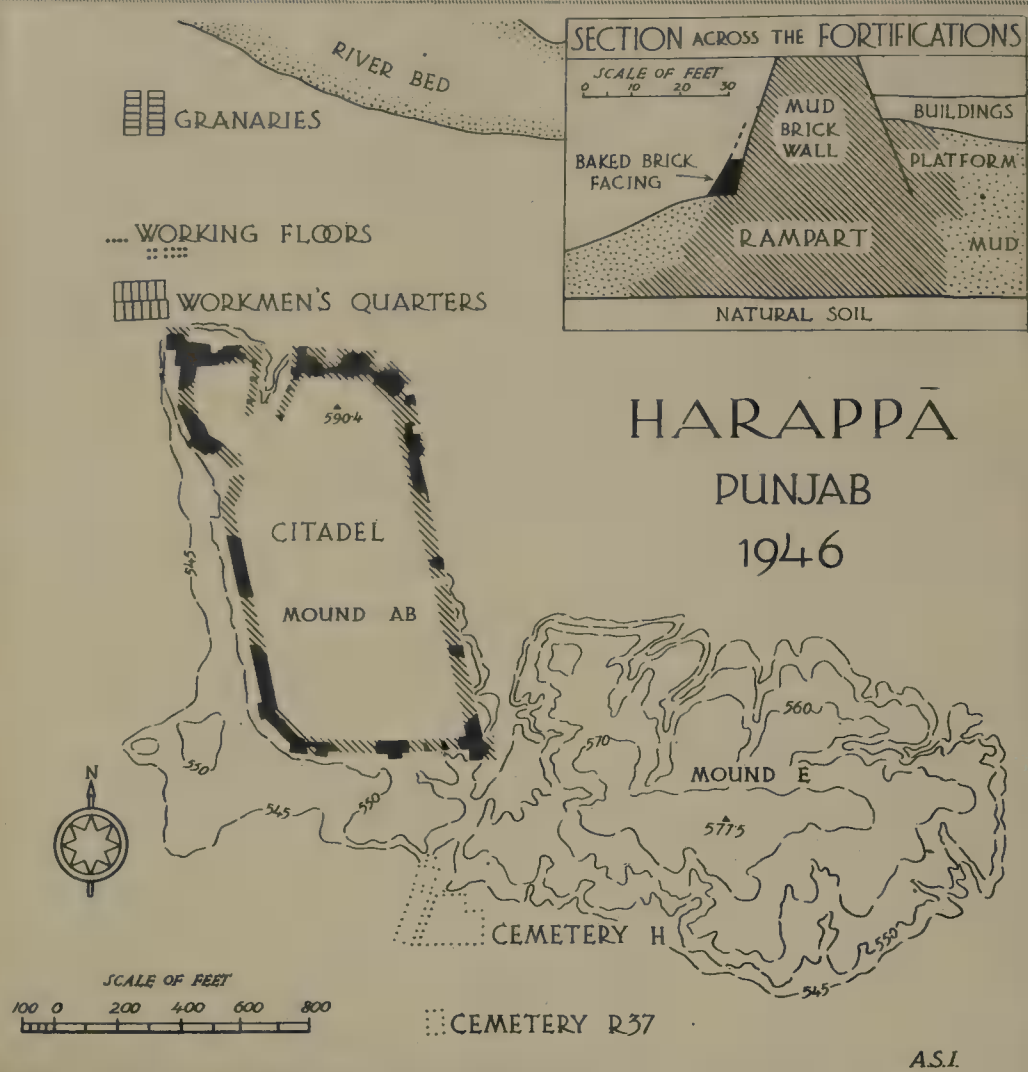
## ENTERTAINMENTS FOR CHILDREN, AND THE "GOOD-NIGHT" PROCESSION WHICH ENDS THE DAY.

life. The whole day's jollification terminates in one vast grand march when a procession headed by a big drum proceeds from café to café and ball-room to ball-room gradually adding to its ranks until a huge, singing, marching "crocodile" of campers has assembled for a final song before dispersing to the chalets. Perhaps the

greatest service of the Butlin organisation is to the parents with small children as the children's well-being is most carefully studied. They have their own playing rooms and are looked after by a specially trained staff. Everything is done to relieve the parents of responsibility during their stay.



# NEW LIGHT ON INDIA'S EARLIEST CIVILISATION: DISCOVERIES



1. PLAN AND SECTION TO ILLUSTRATE THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS AT HARAPPĀ IN THE PUNJAB, WHERE FRESH LIGHT HAS BEEN THROWN ON THE CIVILISATION OF 2500-1500 B.C.

## INDIA'S EARLIEST CIVILISATION: RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN THE INDUS BASIN.

By Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, Director General of Archaeology in India.

THE first mature essays in full-scale civilisation were products of the great river valleys of Egypt, Iraq and North-West India. In essential features the three regions had much in common. Their basic economy was conditioned by the fertile margins and easy traffic of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Tigris and the Five (or Seven) Rivers of the Indus-system—all rivers of comparable size and habit, although the Nile surpassed the others in the predictable regularity of its fluctuations. In the third millennium B.C. the three civilisations were alike in the Bronze Age; that is to say, were equipped with bronze and copper weapons and tools augmented by implements of flint and chert. They were all of them, however, deficient of necessary or desirable materials, notably metal, and were therefore compelled to marshal their surplus resources and to deploy them in systematic commerce. They were communities of farmers, craftsmen, traders, and soldiers. With varying emphasis, they were struggling with the same political, economic and religious problems. Their vicissitudes were the vicissitudes of human social endeavour in the most evolved form which it had then achieved. Of the three regions, the newest to modern knowledge and at present the least known is geographically the most extensive—that of the Indus system. The first public announcement of its discovery was made by Sir John Marshall in *The Illustrated London News* for September 20, 1924, but its exploration had begun in 1922 with the preliminary investigation of the mounds at Harappā,

[Continued above.]



5. ONE OF THE WORKING-PLATFORMS FOR POUNDING GRAIN FOUND AT HARAPPĀ. IN THE CENTRE, THE POSITION OF THE FORMER WOODEN MORTAR CAN BE SEEN.



2. A DISCOVERY THAT HAS EXPLODED THE THEORY OF AN INDIAN UTOPIA OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C.: THE HARAPPĀ CITADEL DURING EXCAVATION.

[Continued.]

a small town in the south-western Punjab. Excavation was continued subsequently both there and at Mohenjo-daro, in Sind, where the high baked-brick structures of a well-built city, with wide, straight streets and elaborate drainage, stand to-day amidst sand and jungle as a memorial of the earliest civilisation of India. That the two cities were standing in and about 2350 B.C., when objects characteristic of them found their way to dated sites in Mesopotamia, may be regarded as a certainty; but how long before and after that date the civilisation lasted is less clear, save that the accumulation of something like ten phases of construction and destruction must indicate the passing of several centuries. The language engraved on the seals and potsherds of these Indus cities has not yet been interpreted, and we have no information equivalent to that furnished abundantly by the inscribed tablets of Sumer. We have not yet even recognised a temple amidst the many buildings of Mohenjo-daro, and cannot guess whether here, as in Sumer, the priesthood or a priest-king comprehended a large part of the secular government of the city and its state. Nevertheless, a recent (1946) renewal of the excavations at Harappā by the Archaeological Survey of India has contributed important circumstantial evidence relating to the social structure of the city, and has enlarged our understanding of the general character of the Indus civilisation as a whole. Both at Harappā and at Mohenjo-daro many years of exploration had failed to reveal any certain trace of a system

[Continued below.]



6. A RECENTLY-DISCOVERED GRAVE AT HARAPPĀ, SHOWING FUNERARY POTTERY, THE OUTLINE OF A WOODEN COFFIN AND A SKELETON PARTLY COVERED IN A REED-SHROUD.

[Continued.]

of fortification equivalent to that which in the contemporary cities of Mesopotamia fenced the urban area as a whole, or even of that smaller bulwark which there turned the principal temple into a sort of inner acropolis. Such fortifications are significant alike of domestic and of external relations, and their apparent absence in the Indus Valley suggested a social and political organisation based on principles or circumstances materially different from those known to have prevailed on the Tigris and the Euphrates. It was natural to infer that, in contradistinction to the jealous theocracies of Ur or Lagash, the Indus Valley developed something like a bourgeois democracy, at peace with the world and therefore undefended. Had this logical hypothesis been correct, the realisation four thousand years ago of a happy condition towards which the world is still striving would have been a remarkable historical phenomenon. Unfortunately, the evidence was at fault. The illustrations here published provide a first glimpse of the true position. The Indus Valley civilisation is now seen to have been as militant and centralised as any of its day. At Harappā the mounds which now represent the ancient city are dominated by one which, some 400 yards long and 200 yards wide, rises 50 ft. above the present level of the plain (Figs. 1 and 2). High masses of decayed mud-brick projecting at intervals round about it suggested the former presence of defences, and digging has confirmed this in a remarkable fashion. On a great embankment 25 ft. high,



## WHICH EXPLODE THE THEORY OF A UTOPIA OF 2000 B.C.



3. A SECTION OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF HARAPPĀ, SHOWING THE MUD-BRICK WALL AND PART OF THE BURNT-BRICK REVETMENT IN FOREGROUND.

*Continued.]*  
an unknown building of considerable extent standing on a high platform under a stupa and monastery some 2000 years later in date. This remarkable assemblage of structures finds no parallel elsewhere in the two cities and indicates some special administrative function of the citadel-mound. It is fair to extend that function to the fellow-citadel at Harappā. But by chance even devastated Harappā is not without its special contribution to the picture. In the shadow of its citadel, between it and the former course of the neighbouring river, a previous excavator has uncovered a noteworthy group of buildings. These are (1) two orderly lines of barracks or workmen's quarters; (2) lines of circular working-platforms used for the pounding of grain (Fig. 5), together with a number of furnaces; and (3) a double series of granaries with high, ventilated floors (Fig. 1).  
*[Continued on right.]*



4. THE FORTIFICATIONS OF HARAPPĀ, SHOWING (A) PART OF THE MUD-BRICK TOWER AND, AT (B), (C) AND (D), SUCCESSIVE PHASES OF REVETMENT.



7. INDIAN POTTERY OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO: CERAMICS FROM THE CEMETERY RECENTLY EXCAVATED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE HARAPPĀ CITADEL.

*Continued.]*

The whole group is marshalled with the precision of a military cantonment, and suggests the organised servile or semi-servile labour of a bureaucratic or autocratic régime. It is the eloquent counterpart of the frowning citadel, and reminds us in essential respects of the regimented craftsmen and bondsmen in the service of the contemporary theocracies of Sumer. The recent excavations revealed an analogy of a different kind between the cities of the Indus and the Euphrates. The opportunity was taken to explore a part of a cemetery of the Harappā culture—the only one known—in the vicinity of the mounds ("R37" on the plan—Fig. 1). The burials were inhumations, the dead laid out at full length, with their heads towards the north and surrounded by large quantities of pottery of normal Harappā types (Figs. 7 and 8). One of the half-dozen skeletons uncovered had been buried in a reed-shroud and had been enclosed in a wooden coffin surrounded by food-vessels and offering-stands (Fig. 6). This burial is of a type at present unique in India but familiar in the third millennium at Ur, Kish and elsewhere in Mesopotamia. There is slight archaeological evidence that the Indus civilisation lasted down to about 2000 B.C., but thereafter all is guesswork. One possible hint, however, may be stated without emphasis. The Rigveda, which preserves some image of the invasion of the Land of the Seven Rivers by the Aryans at a date conventionally approximated to 1500 B.C., speaks constantly of the "forts" or "citadels" which lay across the path of the invaders. Indra, the Aryan war-god, is "fortress-destroyer"; he demolishes ninety, ninety-nine, a hundred citadels; he "rends forts" age consumes a garment." Massacred men, women and children are found in the topmost levels of Mohenjo-daro. We now know that these cities were in part fenced with mighty fortifications. It can at least be said that here—and, far as we know, nowhere else—were non-Aryan citadels worthy of the prowess of Indra and his Aryan following. We may, therefore, with reasonable likelihood, ascribe the approximate duration of the Indus Valley civilisation, in its developed form, to the period 2500-1500 B.C.

built of mud and debris with a mud-brick core, stood a contemporary rampart upwards of 36 ft. in thickness and 40 ft. in height, built carefully of mud-bricks revetted externally with a facing of baked bricks sloping inward at an angle of 25 deg. 30 deg. from the vertical (Figs. 1, 3 and 4). At intervals it was enfiladed by rectangular towers or salients, and at certain of the corners a number of these combined to produce an intricate plan almost of eighteenth-century type. The gateways have not yet been explored, but the outline suggests one on the western side and a second in the northern end. On at least two occasions, in one case after a long period of exposure, these defences were repaired or reinforced (Fig. 4). The underlying embankment or bund, comparable with that of Ur, served to uphold and protect from flood a high platform of mud and mud-brick, on which the buildings of the citadel stood. It rests upon the natural alluvium 25 ft. below the present level of the plain, and the summit of the time-worn rampart still rises here and there above the main mass of the city-mound, with which it therefore synchronised from first to last. What were the buildings which stood high up within these fortifications? Harappā, which has been systematically robbed of its bricks to provide the buildings of the local town and a hundred miles of railway track, is too badly wrecked to provide the answer. But Mohenjo-daro, more remote and better preserved, includes a citadel of identical size, relative situation and orientation, and has yielded to the excavator buildings of recognisable form. Amongst these are an elaborate bath or tank which, on analogy, may have been used for ritual purposes; a distinctive building named by its finders "the college"; a hall of assembly with five aisles; and

*[Continued above.]*



8. FUNERARY POTTERY FROM THE HARAPPĀ CEMETERY: OF NORMAL TYPE AND CONTEMPORARY WITH THE EARLY CIVILISATIONS OF THE EUPHRATES AND NILE VALLEYS



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### SPIDERS: AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SPIDERS, or their webs, have often figured in historical events. To-day, the webs of house-spiders reflect a trend—minor or major, according to the point of view—in social history during the past seven years. Before the war, no self-respecting housewife would bear with equanimity the sight of a web, however unobtrusive, in a living-room. To-day, cobwebs are more in evidence and, more significant, many owners of the rooms they adorn, forced by present-day circumstances to be less house-proud, are singularly unconcerned about them. If the attitude to the webs has become one of resigned tolerance, however, there still persists the age-old antipathy to the makers of the webs. Human beings appear to have a universal and inherent dislike of spiders, amounting in some cases to abhorrence, or even terror; yet, curiously enough, side by side with this goes an extreme reluctance to kill a spider. These emotions are not peculiar to our day and generation. In every part of the world there is abundant and strongly-held superstition fostering both these things, and in most cases their roots reach back into the dawn of human history.

The considerable literature on the legends and beliefs associated with spiders presents us with a mixed picture. Spiders have been used in love-potions from Great Britain to India, and their use in medicine is even more widespread. As bringers of good luck they have been revered in many countries; equally, in many parts of the world, they have been credited with evil intent, as in the spider goblins of Anglo-Saxon days. On the other hand, in China they are regarded as symbols of wisdom and longevity; among the Australian aborigines it was believed that the dead mounted to Heaven on a rope of spiders' silk; and in Europe the white cross on the back of the garden-spider gave it a religious significance. But always, whether they have attributed to them sinister characters or saintly virtues, one gets the impression that there is an underlying fear or, at best, a tolerance towards something which is preferably kept at arm's-length. In other words, the general abhorrence of spiders seems to be instinctive rather than traditional.

It is often the case that the animals most shunned by human beings are at least as anxious to keep out of our way as we are to keep out of theirs. Hornets and snakes are cases in point. In spite of the near-panic hornets—or even giant wood-wasps, which resemble them—can produce in human beings, they are harmless unless disturbed or worried. The same is generally true of snakes. Similarly, spiders, for all the creepy feeling they may engender in us, have less desire for contact with us than we have with them. Unlike hornets or snakes, they have, with few exceptions, no power to harm us, for of the 14,000 species scattered over the world, only a negligible percentage are capable of injuring man to a greater extent than that of producing a local irritation by biting. Those capable of inflicting fatal injuries—as, for example, the Black Widow—are very few indeed. Certainly no British spider is dangerous.

As a sidelight on the danger from spiders, it is worth recalling that statistics show the number of deaths or injuries from snake-bite annually throughout the world is less than those from the accidental discharge of firearms. The number of injuries or deaths from spiders is probably considerably lower still. Any revulsion caused by spiders must obviously have some other origin than a fear based upon experience.

It would be a plausible view to hold, though one difficult to substantiate, that man has an inherent dislike to spiders arising from a long association with them. Because many spiders prefer damp corners and sheltered places, man would find them already in residence in the caves he sought to occupy as he emerged from his brute state. And as he built his first huts, it was doubtless spiders that first sought to share them with him. So, as his methods of building progressed, he found always, like faithful henchmen, the spiders accompanying him in his progress from cave to palace. At first, it would not occur to the dull human brain that the spiders were there to live on the less obvious but more noisome insects. Man would merely know that of creeping things innumerable the one most constantly at his elbow or before his eyes was the spider. Or perhaps it was the very fact the larger house-spiders are nocturnal which led our ancestors to associate them with witches and evil spirits. It is a common feature in human philosophy to associate good with the light, and evil with darkness.

The term house-spider embraces upwards of a score of different species. Most of them are small. The largest house-spiders in this country belong to three species of *Tegenaria*. These it is we see ensconced behind the pictures or in the grandfather clock, scuttling across the floor in the evening, or eerily creeping across the bedroom ceiling as we take a last look upwards before putting out the light. Or, more often, we find one in the sink or the bath, in the morning, where, having gone to drink from the residual water at the rim of the waste-pipe, the smooth surface prevents its escape.

It has been computed that an acre field may contain the seemingly incredible number of two million spiders belonging to various species. The number present in a house will depend on several factors: the size of the house, the general cleanliness, the number and type of the articles of furniture, and, especially, the frequency with which these are moved or disturbed, the temperature, humidity and such things. All houses contain their quota, and the number resident in even the most carefully-kept house is apt to be surprisingly large, particularly where there is a cellar or a loft. Normally, however, most of them will not be seen during the day, and this applies especially to those that do not spin webs but remain hidden under any convenient shelter, emerging at night in search of food. Spiders, like ghosts, tend to walk the house at night.

Several things may have contributed to the apparent increase in house-spiders during the war years. To begin with, they flourish best when left undisturbed, and the lower standard of cleanliness forced upon the average household by shortage of labour, coupled with preoccupations with other affairs, has been much in their favour. Secondly, the fuel shortage may have had a contributory effect. It is known that the dry heat of centrally-heated rooms is unfavourable to the growth of both the spiders and of the insects, on which the spiders feed. A slight increase in general humidity, resulting from the need for economy in fuel, may have reacted in the spiders' favour.—MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.



THE LARGEST OF THE HOUSE-SPIDERS: *TEGENARIA ATRICA*. THERE IS LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MALE (LEFT) AND THE FEMALE (RIGHT).

In the male the sensory palps, projecting forward from the head, are dilated and have an accessory reproductive function. Examination of the palps is the only reliable way of distinguishing the male from the female.



THE SHEET WEB, WITH TUNNEL RETREAT, OF *TEGENARIA*, IN A NEGLECTED BOX-ROOM. ABOVE THE WEB IS A SUSPENDED EGG-COCOON.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

### HISTORY: AND SOME MAKERS THEREOF.

WHEN a man sets out to write an historical survey of Europe from the times of the Greeks and Romans down to the last years of the nineteenth century, "primarily for my own amusement," the average individual may be forgiven if he be torn between wonder and admiration and the conviction that, after all, the English do, indeed, take their pleasures sadly. That initial effect being overcome, a sense of gratitude must supervene. For Dr. C. A. Alington, Dean of Durham and former Headmaster of Eton, knowing all the difficulties and the confusions which confront both the student and the general reader, has, in "EUROPE: A PERSONAL AND POLITICAL SURVEY" (Hollis and Carter; 18s.), given a comprehensive work which serves, as he says (quoting Goldsmith), "not to add to historical knowledge but to contract it." If, then, history properly interpreted be the best cure for the pessimism which its particular incidents encourage, here is a window to optimism for which we can be thankful. Dr. Alington has gone far towards helping readers to see more clearly how Europe came into its present shape, introducing them to a few forgotten heroes and reminding them that past history is not only present politics, but also one of the most fascinating of studies, even for the amateur. The work is a masterpiece of selection, arrangement and compression—especially compression.

There can be few more exciting "escape" stories of the war than the Great Tunnel Escape of March 1944 from Stalag Luft 3, in which seventy-three men got away before a sentry discovered what was going on. And there can be few blacker pages in the dreadful book of Germany's shame than the shooting in cold blood of fifty of those seventy-three.

Flight-Lieut. Paul Brickhill and Conrad Norton, in "ESCAPE TO DANGER" (Faber; 12s. 6d.), tell all that happened: how the tunnel, 30 ft. deep and 350 ft. long, was dug through sand; how maps, forged papers, compasses and clothes necessary for the mass escape were made; how the Kommandant broke the news of the shootings to Group-Captain Massey, the Senior British Officer—and then did not tell the full facts, for his version was that "forty-one of these officers have been shot while resisting arrest or attempting further escape after arrest."

The book falls into two parts. While the second portion deals with the tragic escape, the first part is the story of escapes from burning, crashing aircraft and of the adventures that followed. Much of the book was written in Stalag Luft 3, the MS. being hidden in various places. The illustrations are by another "krieger," Flight-Lieut. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C., and the drawings of the famous tunnel are the only authentic records in existence. He sketched under extremely difficult conditions, sometimes lying on his back and using the tunnel roof as drawing desk. A flickering flame from a pyjama-cord wick floating in margarine in a sardine tin provided illumination. When the prisoners were suddenly evacuated, the drawings were packed in an airtight canister, placed in a tunnel which was flooded and remained there until discovered by another officer.

A substantial prize remains to be won by anyone who can kill a sheep at 500 yards without the use of any projected missile. That is what Group-Captain C. H. Keith, discussing the "death ray," says in the concluding chapter of his most interesting book "I HOLD MY AIM" (Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.), in which he tells of the development of air armament, its potentialities and its limitations. Looking ahead, he suggests, among other things, that there are possibilities of spectacular developments in the application of electricity as a man-killer in war. The main part of the book, of course, is the story of how the R.A.F. was armed. The recent war was a severe trial-ground for many cherished tactical theories, some of which "have been woefully disproven." Writing of the inventors of death-dealing instruments, the author says that among them are numbered some of the best brains of our time, while some are borderline cases for the madhouse. "When you have to deal with a man who is working upon some new and violent explosive, and who strikes you as mentally abnormal, it is quite an alarming combination!"

Equally appealing to the youth of to-day is Wing-Commander William Anderson's story of the men who found and illuminated the

targets for our bombers. "PATHFINDERS" (Jarrolds; 16s.) is by one who was a school-master, became a navigator—as such he took the Lancaster "Aries" on her famous flight over the North Pole—bombed Essen, was in the first 1000-bomber raid on Cologne, and eventually joined Group-Captain—now Air Vice-Marshal—D. C. T. Bennett when he brought the Pathfinder Force into being. The book is therefore of no little historical value in addition to making exciting reading. According to a brief Foreword signed "Don Bennett," few are better qualified to write it, for the author "was in at the beginning of the organisation, and contributed a share in gallantry and hard work towards the success of the P.F.F. at least comparable with any other man in it."

Modern warfare does not lend itself to that "pomp and heraldry" which characterised much of the fighting of the past. Formation badges, however, have served to give a touch of colour, if not actually of pageantry, to the vast armies which a world conflict demands; and their very multiplicity is not only a lure to the collector, but calls for knowledge and ingenuity in design to such a degree that a book like "HERALDRY IN WAR," by Lieut.-Colonel Howard N. Cole, O.B.E. (Gale and Polden; 12s. 6d.), becomes highly valuable and entertaining. Having their origin in the first World War, formation badges served the dual purpose of providing an easily recognisable mark and being a security measure. Divisional signs were reintroduced in 1940, and from then onwards they flourished. The variety is amazing. They range from the now well-known symbolic emblem of SHAEF to polar bears and Dick Whittington's cat. One may wonder why the Northern Command should have chosen a green apple on a blue diamond. The explanation is that Sir Ronald Adam was G.O.C. at the time, so we have "Adam's Apple." So one might continue. Here is a handbook for the historian and a guide for the collector.

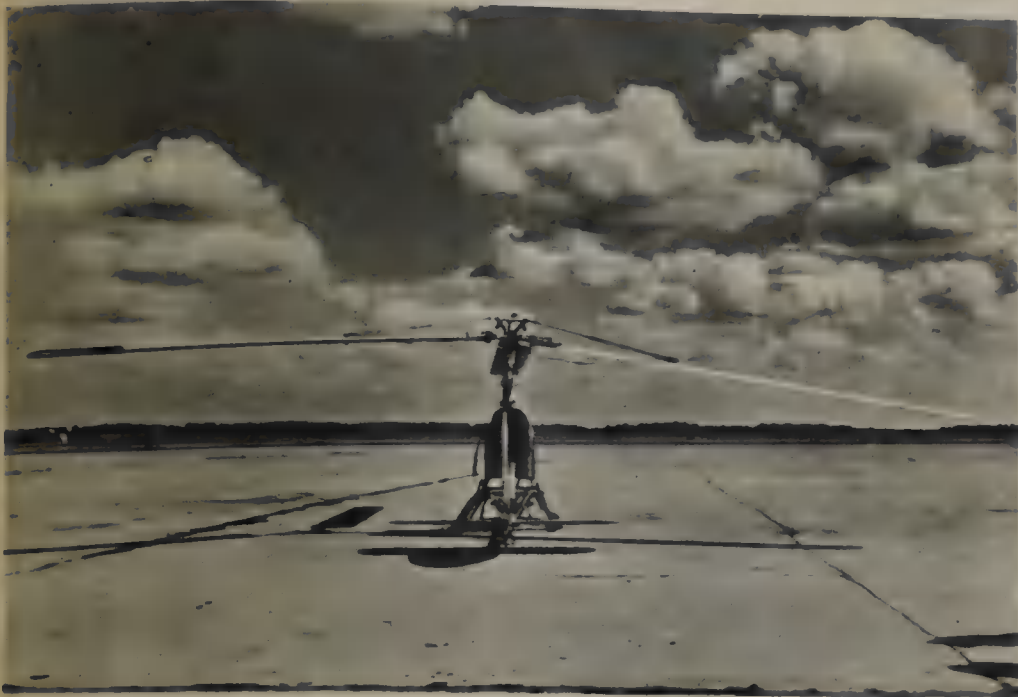
It is amazing to think that some five million men have probably worn the uniform of the Home Guard. Those men, and all they stood for and all they did, must never be forgotten. Colonel R. A. Pepperall, M.C., has gone far towards ensuring their unfailing remembrance. In compiling a history of the 53rd Surrey Battalion he tells much of the story of the Home Guard itself. He calls his book "SOLDIERS OF THE KING" (Clare, Wells; 10s. 6d.), and provides a record at once human and historical.

W. R. CALVERT.

In ■ article, "A New Colony of Gannets," published in our issue of July 27 we stated, owing to a typographical error, that the number of gannets breeding on the Bass Rock was 45,000. This should, of course, have been 4500.



## SCIENCE, INGENUITY AND AMBITION: BRITISH, GERMAN, DANISH AND JAPANESE.



THE "EYES" OF A U-BOAT: A MOTORLESS KITE-LIKE AIRCRAFT, USED BY GERMAN SUBMARINES AND NOW BEING STUDIED BY U.S. TECHNICAL OFFICERS.

This strange aircraft, an example of which was recently exhibited at the Science Museum, South Kensington, is a compound of kite and helicopter. Motorless, but carrying an observer, it was towed by a submarine in order to obtain a wider field of vision.



THE "SHUSHU," THE ONLY JET-PROPELLED AIRCRAFT STATED TO HAVE BEEN BUILT BY THE JAPANESE AND SAID TO HAVE BEEN COPIED FROM THE GERMAN ME.103.

The Japanese "jet" which is shown above, is being exhibited in the United States, having been built for the Japanese Navy and test-flown but not used in combat. With a 19-ft. aluminium fuselage and 30-ft. plywood wings, it had a 325-lbs. engine.



EXPLAINING THE COMPASS CORRECTOR COIL, ONE OF THE BRITISH DEVICES NOW EXHIBITED AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.

A special exhibition which opened at the Science Museum, South Kensington, on August 1 enables the public to see for the first time delicate and intricate mechanisms fitted to German mines during the war. The exhibits include the magnetic mine; actuated by the magnetic effect of an approaching ship;



A BRITISH MAGNETIC SEA-MINE, OPENED TO SHOW THE MECHANISM, WHICH COULD TAKE 500 LBS. OF H.E.

a mine actuated by sound; and a special type designed for use against invading troops which was detonated by the pressure pulse set up by craft passing over it in shallow water. Types of British mines are also shown; these sank 1047 German ships during the war.



THE FIRST GERMAN MAGNETIC MINE TO BE RECOVERED. NOW ON EXHIBITION, AND FOUND ON NOVEMBER 23, 1939.

a mine actuated by sound; and a special type designed for use against invading troops which was detonated by the pressure pulse set up by craft passing over it in shallow water. Types of British mines are also shown; these sank 1047 German ships during the war.



A MONUMENT TO AMBITION WHICH WAS NEVER ERECTED: THE STONES OF HITLER'S "VICTORY MEMORIAL," STILL AWAITING COLLECTION IN SWEDEN.

The massive blocks of Swedish granite which are shown above might well be described as "Unclaimed Property." After the fall of France in 1940, Hitler, convinced of his own ultimate victory, ordered from Sweden the materials of a magnificent Victory Memorial.



A DANISH SOLUTION FOR THE TYRE SHORTAGE: WOOD ATTACHED TO THE WHEEL WITH SHORT SPRINGS AND USED WITH THE OLD OUTER COVER.

The Danes have always been great users of bicycles, and Denmark has been said to have two million machines. During the war and the German occupation, the rubber shortage made new inner tubes virtually unobtainable, and ingenuity had to be brought to bear to keep the four million wheels turning without unbearable discomfort. We show above two of the most popular types of substitutes for the pneumatic inner-tube. One is a wooden frame attached to the wheel with a series of short springs and the other a coil of paper-roping.



ANOTHER INGENUOUS DANISH SUBSTITUTE FOR AN INNER TUBE: A TWISTED PAPER-ROPE, MUCH USED DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.



# THE ENGLISH SCENE: HOME NEWS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE, THE SCENE OF AN HISTORIC ELOPEMENT, NOW REOPENED FOR VISITORS. IN THE FOREGROUND IS DOROTHY VERNON'S BRIDGE.

On July 30 Haddon Hall, the Derbyshire seat of the Dukes of Rutland, was reopened to visitors after being closed for more than ten years. It was Sir John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland, who in the sixteenth century acquired Haddon Hall for the family by his runaway marriage with Dorothy Vernon, daughter of Sir George Vernon, known as "the King of the Peak." The bridge seen in our photograph was the spot at which Sir John Manners waited with horses for the eloping bride.



BROTHERSWATER LAKE, PART OF A BEAUTIFUL STRETCH OF COUNTRY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT, ACQUIRED BY THE NATION IN PAYMENT OF DEATH DUTIES.

The new provision for death duties has already resulted in two lovely stretches of countryside becoming the property of the nation. A fortnight after the news that Lake Bala, in North Wales, had been thus acquired, came the announcement on July 25 that the Hartsop Hall Estate, in Patterdale, including Brotherswater and a three-mile stretch of some of the most beautiful country in the Lake District, had been accepted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in payment of death duties.



BOROUGH FREEDOM FOR A REGIMENT: THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH OF BODMIN, COUNTY TOWN OF CORNWALL, BEING BESTOWED ON THE COUNTY'S OWN REGIMENT, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY, ON SUNDAY, JULY 28.



THE COLOURS OF THE D.C.L.I. ON THE ALTAR OF BODMIN PARISH CHURCH DURING THE SERVICE WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE BESTOWING OF THE FREEDOM. THE REGIMENT HAD RECEIVED THE FREEDOM OF TRURO ON THE PRECEDING DAY.



THE GOLDEN HIND IN PLYMOUTH SOUND: THE HALF-SCALE MODEL OF DRAKE'S FAMOUS SHIP SAILING IN HONOUR OF THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

During post-war celebrations of the 400th anniversary of the birth of Sir Francis Drake, a half-scale model of his famous ship, the *Golden Hind*, was sailed in Plymouth Sound on July 29. Unfortunately, during the celebrations the model capsized in Plymouth Harbour. This model, a feature of pre-war Navy



THE GOLDEN HIND CAPSIZED: THE MODEL OF THE SHIP IN WHICH DRAKE SAILED ROUND THE WORLD CAPSIZED IN PLYMOUTH HARBOUR DURING THE CELEBRATIONS.

Weeks, is a half-scale reproduction of the first English ship to sail round the world, the *Golden Hind* in which Drake circumnavigated the globe in 1577-1580, and on whose poop, in recognition of this feat, he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth.



## SCIENCE CALLED IN TO IMPROVE THE NEW COMMONS ATMOSPHERE.



THE COMPLEX EXPERIMENT WHICH WILL ENSURE A FRESH AND BUOYANT ATMOSPHERE IN THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS: A SCALE MODEL OF HALF THE PROJECTED NEW CHAMBER, SHOWING THE AIR INLET BELOW THE GALLERY AND THE CONES WHICH REPRESENT THE HEAT GENERATED BY THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CHAMBER.



MEASURING THE FLOW OF AIR INTO THE MODEL OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS MADE FOR VENTILATION TESTS AT THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



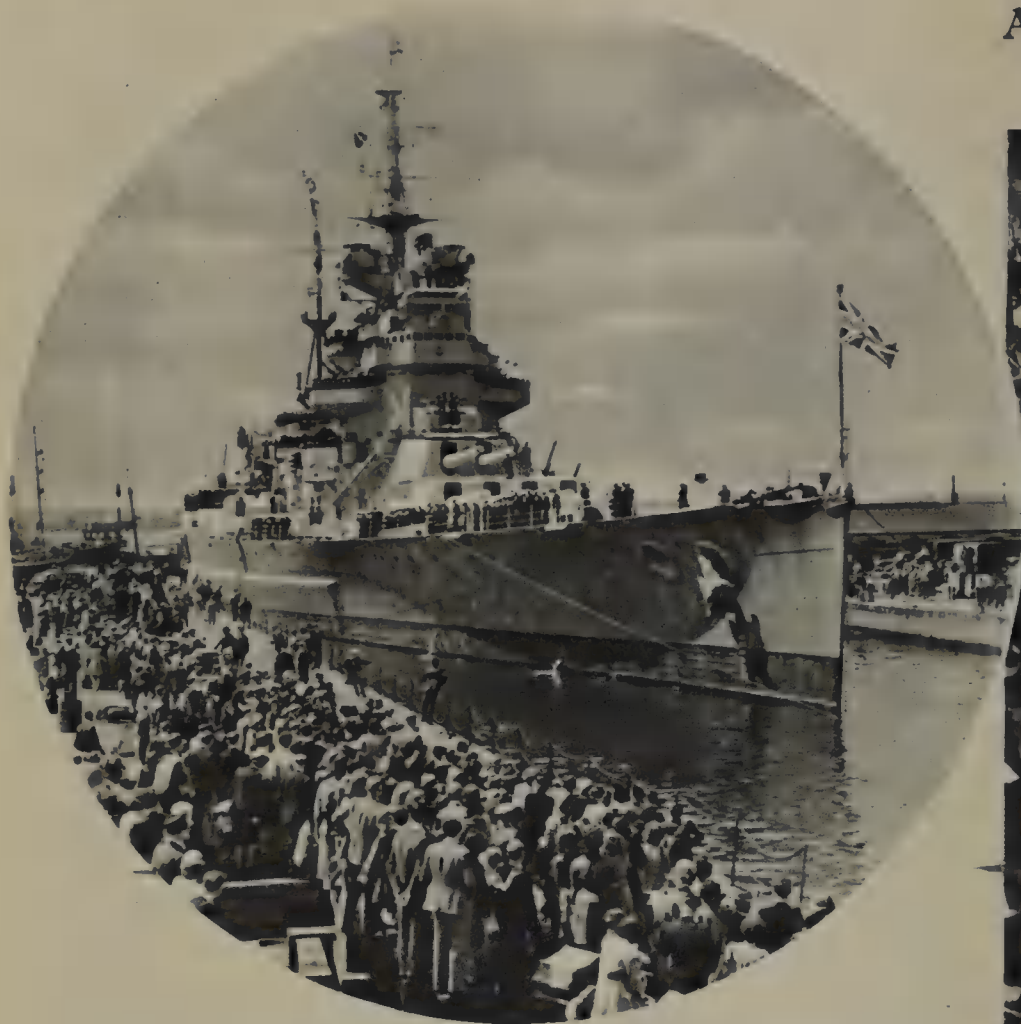
INSIDE THE "HOUSE OF COMMONS": A SCIENTIST IN THE TEDDINGTON MODEL TAKING THERMOMETER READINGS. THE LAMP CONES PRODUCE THE EQUIVALENT OF BODY HEAT.

The interpretation of all things is relative to the point of view; and the Chamber of the House of Commons, which is to some people the Palladium of English liberties and to others merely the "talking-shop," is to the scientists of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington simply a problem in ventilation. In our issue of November 18, 1944, we published plans of the new House of Commons which is to replace that destroyed by enemy action in May 1941, and here we show some of the care which is being taken to

ensure that our law-makers shall have the benefits of sound ventilation. At the National Physical Laboratory a scale model of half the Debating Chamber has been built. Air is conducted into this model, its flow and density being regulated by a manometer, and to obtain the effect of a crowded house the benches and galleries are occupied, not by their wonted occupants, but by lamps with cones, each of which represents the normal body heat generated by two persons.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD OF TO-DAY: NEWS EVENTS FROM ALL QUARTERS.



ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH FROM THE FAR EAST: THE 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP *ANSON* ENTERING DOCK, WATCHED BY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF THE CREW.

The 35,000-ton battleship *Anson* arrived at Portsmouth from the Far East on July 29. After paying off she is to be commissioned as a harbour training-ship at Portland. *Anson* is one of the *King George V.*-class battleships and was completed in 1942.



THE COMMITTEE ON PROCEDURE FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN SESSION IN THE SALON DE CONFÉRENCE AT THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE IN PARIS ON JULY 31.

The meeting of the Committee on Procedure for the Peace Conference on July 31 was notable for a clash between Dr. Evatt, of Australia, and Mr. Molotov. Dr. Evatt, who has established himself as champion of the smaller Powers, challenged the rules put forward by the four Great Powers, and was accused by Mr. Molotov of trying to organise the voting against the Soviet Union. During the discussion the Netherlands and Greek delegates supported Dr. Evatt, while the Yugoslav and White Russian delegates sided with Mr. Molotov.



AFRICAN HUNTING DOGS ON SHOW IN LONDON: BASENJI; AN UNUSUAL BREED WHICH HAS NO BARK AND WASHES LIKE A CAT.

The first Basenji show ever held in London took place on July 27 at Trinity Hall, Great Portland Street. The Basenji is commonly used as a hunting dog in the Belgian and French Congo, in Central Africa and Lower Sudan. It is a small breed and in several respects unusual, for Basenjis have no bark, wash themselves after the manner of a cat and express their pleasure with a "yodel."



A BAS-RELIEF IN LIMESTONE DEPICTING A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF TIGLATH-PILESER III., KING OF ASSYRIA, WHICH BROUGHT £3500 AT SOTHEBY'S ON JULY 29.

This Assyrian bas-relief depicting a scene from the life of Tiglath-pileser III. (745-727 B.C.), the property of the Earl of Plymouth, brought £3500 at Sotheby's. It came from the Mound of Nimroud and shows the King with a bow in the left hand and a prisoner prone at his feet, behind whom are three standing figures, the third a prisoner with hands together waiting for orders. A fragmentary inscription in cuneiform characters runs along the top of the slab.



THE NEW FLAG PROPOSED FOR CANADA: A RED ENSIGN WITH A GOLD MAPLE LEAF IN A WHITE BORDER IN THE FLY INSTEAD OF THE COATS-OF-ARMS OF THE PROVINCES. THE CHANGE IS EXPECTED TO BE MADE SHORTLY.



RECENTLY INSPECTED BY THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT: A NEW ROAD-SURFACING MACHINE THAT LAYS A QUARTER OF A MILE OF NEW ROAD PER DAY, SEEN IN OPERATION AT WEST MALLING, KENT.



# GOODWOOD AGAIN: THE FAMOUS MEETING REVIVED AFTER SIX YEARS.



A VIEW FROM TRUNDLE HILL OF THE FAMOUS GOODWOOD RACECOURSE ON JULY 30, THE OPENING DAY OF THE POST-WAR REVIVAL OF THE MEETING AFTER AN INTERVAL OF SIX YEARS, SHOWING THE FINISH OF THE OPENING RACE, THE CRAVEN STAKES, WATCHED BY THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS.



THE SCENE AT GOODWOOD ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE MEETING, WITH THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE IN THE FOREGROUND AND, BEYOND IT, TRUNDLE HILL, A FAVOURITE VIEWPOINT OVERLOOKING THE WINNING-POST, WITH SOME OF THE CROWDS WHICH THROGGLED THE COURSE FOR THE FIRST POST-WAR MEETING.

Great crowds of visitors from all parts of the country converged on Goodwood on July 30, when the first Goodwood race meeting for six years took place in the beautiful setting so well known to racegoers. The velvet turf of the course, and indeed the lovely surroundings, had survived the war unscathed—largely, it is said,

through the vigilance of a Goodwood trainer—and the magnificent green stretch was reported to be in as nearly perfect condition as could be desired. Passengers arriving at Chichester by special trains queued in thousands for the infrequent buses to the course, and taxi-drivers reaped a rich harvest.



# ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS WHOSE MUSIC "VIBRATES IN THE MEMORY."



AMONG THE ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE COLLECTION: AN ELEGANT SPINET (1564) GIVEN BY HENRI III. TO BALTHASAR BEAUJOYEULX.



A CASE OF INTERESTING EARLY WIND INSTRUMENTS IN THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE, INCLUDING A NUMBER OF IVORY FLÛTES-À-BEC, OR VERTICAL FLUTES, AND AN OCARINA.



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S HARP, DATED 1776. MADE BY NADERMANN, THE CELEBRATED HARP-MAKER, AND NOW STATED TO BE UNIQUE.



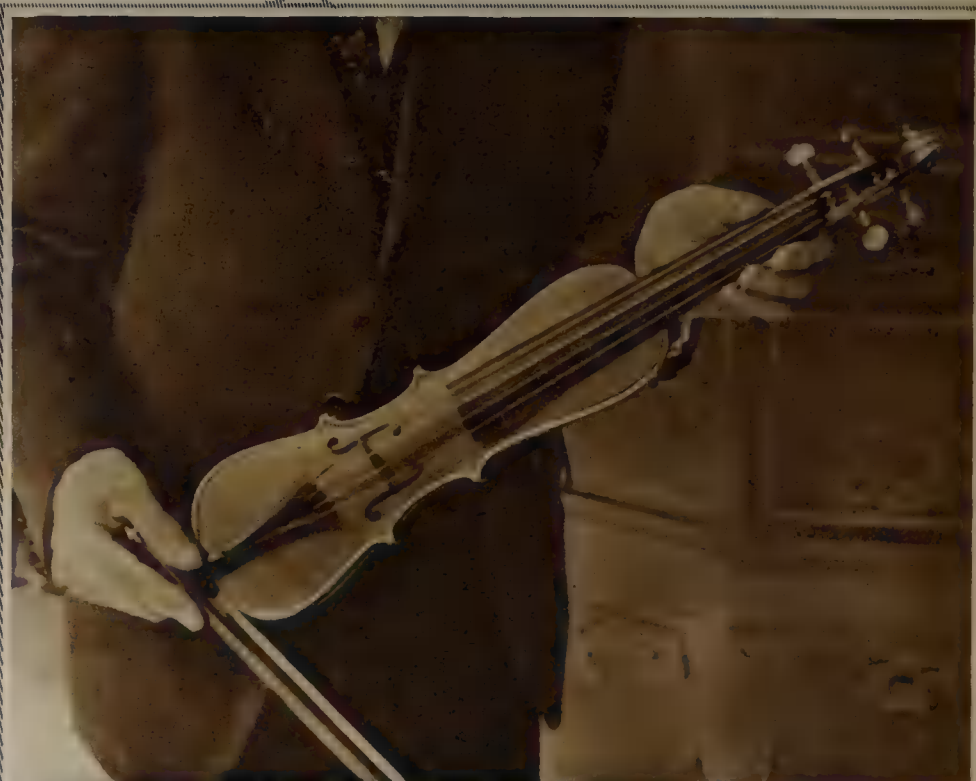
ONE OF TWO SURVIVORS OF THE 10-FT.-HIGH OCTO BASSE, INVENTED IN 1849. THE PLAYER IS ASSISTED BY LEVERS AND PEDAL KEYS.



A TWO-MANUAL HARPSICHORD BY HANS RUCKERS THE ELDER, DATED 1612. ORNAMENTED WITH PAINTINGS BY VAN BALEN, PAUL BRIL AND "VELVET" BREUGHEL.



BAGPIPES FOR THE BOUDOIR: A MUSETTE OF THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV., WITH SATIN-COVERED BAG AND IVORY MOUTHPIECE.



A POCHETTE OR MINIATURE VIOLIN, MADE BY STRADIVARIUS IN 1717 AND FIRST BROUGHT TO FRANCE BY TARISIO, THE GREAT CONNOISSEUR OF OLD VIOLINS.

The illustrations on this page are all of old and in some cases rare and even unique musical instruments which are now in the collection of the National Conservatoire of Music in Paris. In their way these instruments are as illuminative of the history of music as those treasures of recorded music which we reproduced from the Hirsch Music Library in our

issue of July 13. Most remarkable among them perhaps are the ornate and graceful harp of the tragic Marie Antoinette, made by the father of F. J. Nadermann, the great harp virtuoso of the age; and the extraordinary Octo Basse, of which two only exist, but of which Berlioz said every orchestra of over 150 ought to have three.





HERE'S TO THE RETURN OF

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Regd.

**FOR DUCK-COLLECTING**

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V.2

*Yacht Ahoy!*



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★ Your Ford dealer is doing his best with deliveries, so please be patient.

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FIRST IN VALUE . . . CONSTANT IN PERFORMANCE

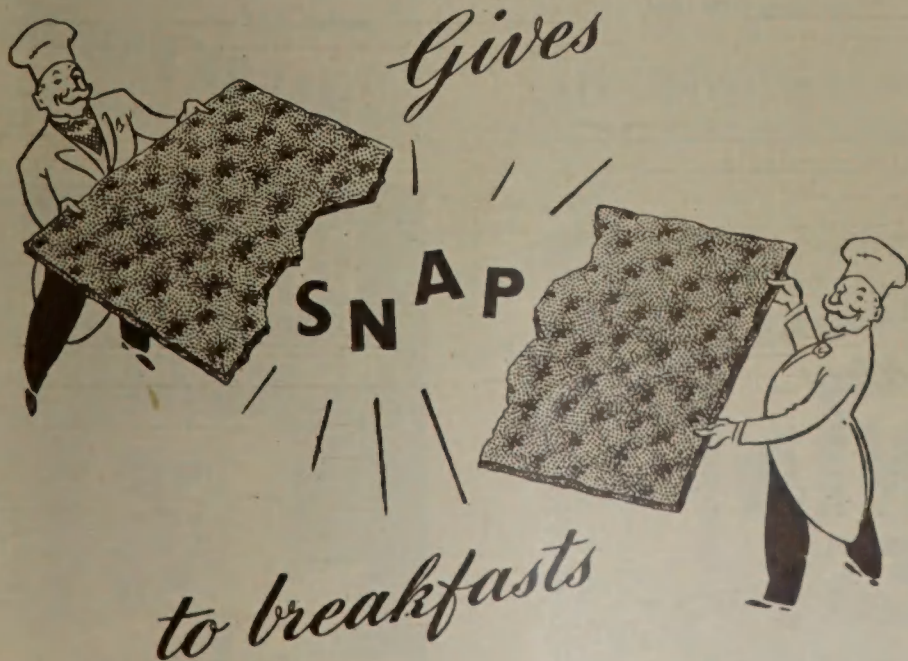
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**Vita-Weat**  
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BRITAIN'S CRISPEST CRISPBREAD



Waken up your breakfast with the snap and crackle of buttered Vita-Weat. A treat with real FOOD VALUE.



**I hate to contradict a lady**

says OLD HETHERS

but you *can* still get Robinson's barley water, madam, although their bottled kind has not come back yet. You make it at home from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley which you can buy in tins from your grocer. No madam, that's pearl barley you're thinking of. With Robinson's it's as easy to make as a cup of tea — no stewing and straining. Well, the proof of the pudding, you know, madam — let me give you a glass! There, what did I tell you?

Barley Water from  
**ROBINSON'S**  
'PATENT' BARLEY





When  
**"Golden Shred"**  
 reappears upon the  
 breakfast table  
 you will know that  
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**Marmalade**  
 is being made again  
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James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.  
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"Of course,  
 you donkey — they're Caley Cranford!"

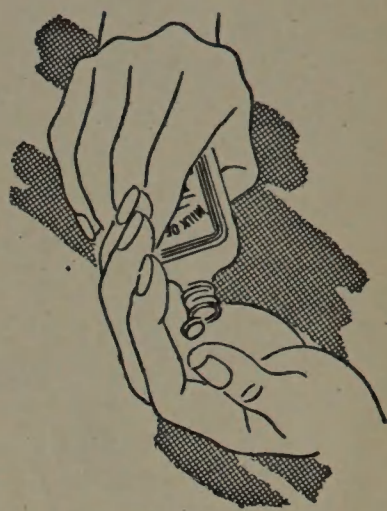
The chocolate assortment with the gorgeous variety! Ten marvellous centres . . . and every chocolate attractively wrapped for perfect freshness. Caley's will have a lot of other good things to announce soon, too, including the return of your favourite chocolates, FORTUNE.

**CALEY CRANFORD**

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'Milk of Magnesia' • Tablets,  
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 give prompt relief from indiges-  
 tion. They are pleasantly mint-  
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**'MILK OF MAGNESIA'**  
**TABLETS** (Regd.)

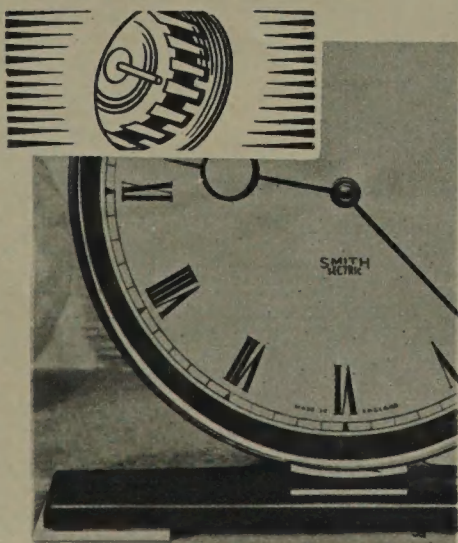


• Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

IT'S THE MOVEMENT  
 THAT COUNTS

No. One

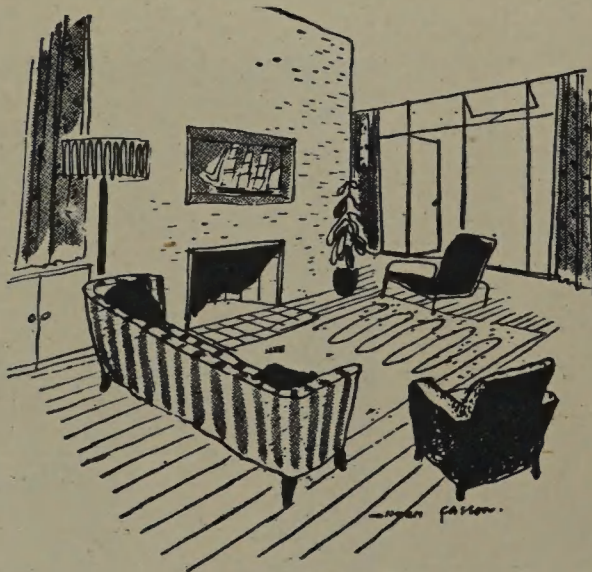
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**SMITH SECTRIC**  
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 Scientific S.C.M. 35H



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# REVELATION

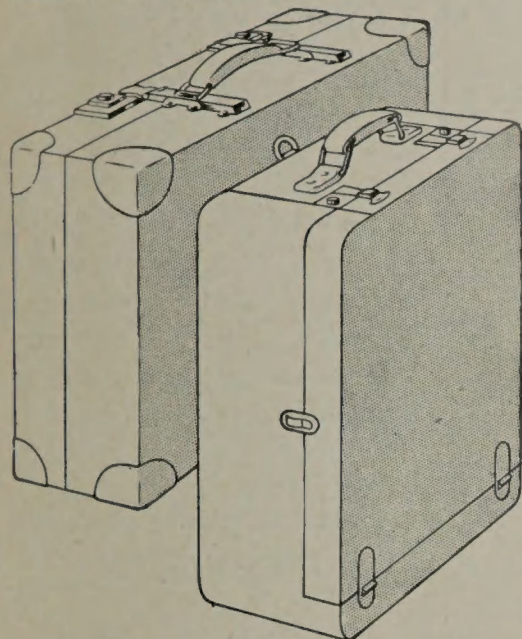
SCIENTIFICALLY *planned* LUGGAGE

Packing can be a frightful bore or, with cleverly planned luggage, it can really be quite fun . . .

With a REV-ROBE, for instance, the creaseless folding and packing of up to a dozen dresses is literally a matter of seconds, and with a REVELATION suitcase there is the certainty that, whatever you put in, it will always close with ease.

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REVELATION Suitcase . . . the same case adjusts itself for a week-end, a week or a month.



REV-ROBE . . . the travel Wardrobe hardly larger than a hat-box. 'Creaseless automatic packing.'

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World famous for its cool, slow-burning sweetness, it gives the fullest pleasure in every fill at a cost of 2/10½d. per oz.

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My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."  
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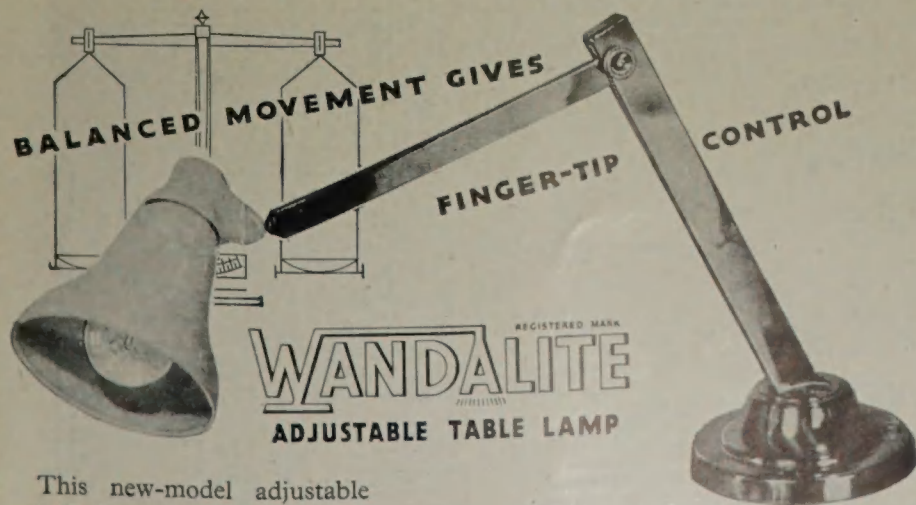
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*The Queen was  
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Actual personages, living or historical, often  
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*... and like  
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The Queen cards of this period were not  
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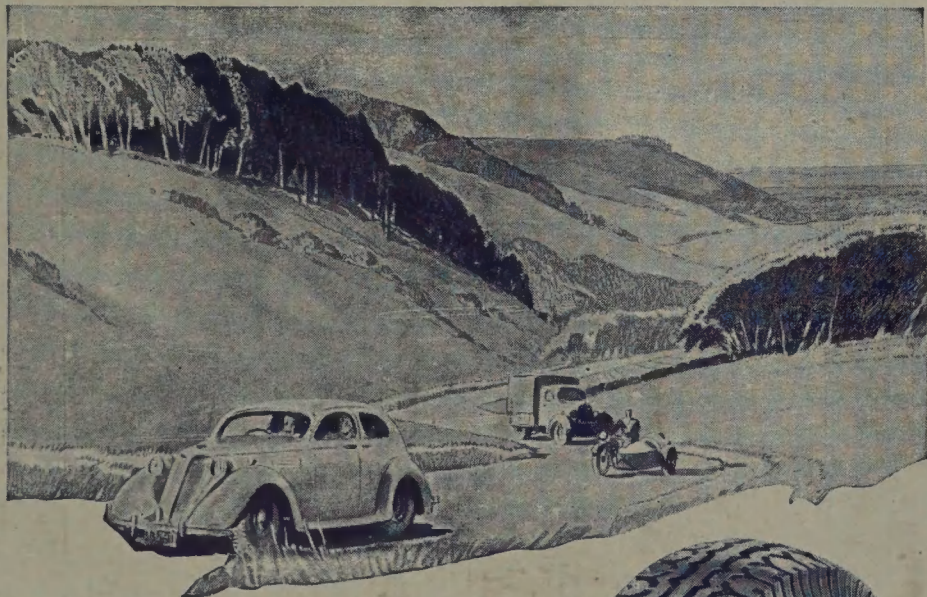
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Navy Cut has led the way for  
many years. Today it remains  
even more firmly established in  
the affections of smokers  
everywhere as an honest reliable  
'leader'.

*Player's  
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MEDIUM-SWEET  
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